

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE,

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Anne Boleyn: a Dramatic Poem.* By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 8vo. pp. 168. London, 1826. J. Murray.

A CLOSE historical paraphrase, however interesting the subject, affords few opportunities for the effusions of genuine poetry. The story may be gracefully or powerfully told; but imagination refuses to move in the shackles of realities, and all the higher qualities of "the divine art" must of necessity be wanting. Hence it is that the utmost praise which we could justly bestow upon Mr. Milman's production would but ill satisfy even the moderate ambition of a moderate poet. It is a dramatic account of the last events in the life of Anne Boleyn; certainly not heightened or rendered more truly tragical by the introduction of some anachronisms touching the Jesuits, and of one character, if not more, inconsistent with history. Another of the great drawbacks upon *Anne Boleyn*, as a poem for present popularity or future fame, may be traced to the author's plan. "In endeavouring (he says) to embody that awful spirit of fanaticism—the more awful, because strictly conscientious—which was arrayed against our early reformers, I hope to be considered as writing of those times alone. The representation of the manner in which bigotry hardens into intolerance, intolerance into cruelty and an infringement on the great eternal principles of morality, can never be an unprofitable lesson. The annals of all nations, in which reformation was begun or completed; those of the League in France, of the Low Countries and Spain, as well as of England, will fully bear me out in the picture which I have drawn: but I have no hesitation in asserting, that even in those times the wise and good among the Roman Catholics reprobated, as strongly as ourselves, the sanguinary and unprincipled means by which the power of the papacy was maintained."

Now, this truckling will never answer with the Muse, whatever it, or its semblance, liberality, may do in an ethical treatise, or in a religious controversy, conducted like that between Dr. Southey and Mr. Butler, where the worst names are called with the civilest bows, and the worst motives imputed in the politest language imaginable. Unlike orators, or baristers (we mean the few who affect to be gentlemen also), and unlike writers of every other kind, the bard must be (to be any thing) heart and soul with his theme; he must have no compromising—no apologies to make—no explanations to give. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, is his motto; and if, instead of being in earnest, he is conciliating like a mere debater, or trimming for little advantages like a sophister, we would not give as much for his chance of immortality as for a leaf in October.

We cannot but deem the idea of this drama to be radically bad, and unfit for the proposed purpose of the author. Unfit for poetical orna-

ment and pathos it unquestionably is, and, as we think, equally unfit for moral or religious instruction. There was far too much of the alloy of fierce human passions and earthly objects in the earlier movements of the Reformation to render it possible to paint many (if any) purely-formed heroes or heroines as belonging to its circle and period. On both sides there have been lamentable perversions; and while on both we recognise illustrious individual qualities, contempt of death, firmness under the most appalling circumstances, and virtues of the noblest class,—must we not also acknowledge that we have seen each endeavouring to represent fools as saints, harlots as martyrs, and tyrants as holy, glorious, and divine instruments—and for this single reason, that they upheld (perhaps like Henry VIII.) certain doctrines and churches from the worst of all possible motives, and to gratify the most criminal designs?

We will not, however, go into any argument to prove the correctness of the opinions we have hastily thrown together upon reading *Anne Boleyn*. Though it has disappointed us, we will rather endeavour to quote its best passages than urge objections to its inherent heaviness.

The principal male *dramatis personæ* are, Henry VIII., Cranmer, Gardiner, Rochford, Norreys, Weston, Brereton, Caraffa (a Jesuit), and Mark Smeaton, who is seduced by Caraffa to perjure himself in accusing the Queen: the females are, Anne Boleyn, her mother, Lady Rochford, and Magdalene (the sister of Smeaton).

Neither Cranmer nor Gardiner figure conspicuously in the drama; Henry makes only half a dozen of bluff speeches; and the whole interest is concentrated in the Queen and Caraffa, including his tool Mark Smeaton, who is as inconsistent a character as his sister (promising better in the opening) is weak and burdensome. In this opening, Mark, who has been in Italy, thus speaks of music:—

"Oh! Magdalene, thou know'st not here  
In our chill, damp, and heavy atmosphere,  
The power, might, magic, mystery of sweet sounds!  
Oh! on some rock to sit, the twilight winds  
Breathing all odour by—at intervals  
To hear the hymnings of some virgin choir,  
With pauses musical as music's self,  
Come swelling up from deep and unseen distance:  
Or under some vast dome, like Heaven's blue cope,  
All full and living with the liquid deluge  
Of harmony, till pillars, walls, and aisles,  
The altar paintings and cold images,  
Catch life and motion, and the weight of feeling  
Lies like a load upon the breathless bosom!"

This descriptive quotation may serve as a guide to the general style and composition. To our ears, the structure of several of the lines (variously, 10, 11, and 12 feet) is any thing but poetical; and the division of sense in such a termination as

Of harmony"— "liquid deluge"

appears to us to be such an error as a Professor of Poetry ought to mark for avoidance in any university lecture. Our next example shall be from a *Protestant* hymn to the Virgin, introduced as written by Lord Rochford: it is both question-

able in taste, (as the last stanza will partly shew,) and long; but there is much poetical beauty in the penultimate.

"Yet, oh! how awful, Desolate! to thee,  
Thou who has shrined the living Deity!  
When underneath the loaded Rose,  
Forlorn the childless mother stood:  
Then when that voice, whose first articulate breath  
Thrill'd her enraptured ear, had now in death  
Bequeath'd her to his care whom best he loved:  
When the cold death-dew bathed his brow,  
And faint the drooping head began to bow,  
Wert thou not, saddest, too severely proved?  
As in thy sight each rigid limb grew cold,  
And the lip whiten'd with the burning thirst,  
And the last cry of o'erwrought anguish burst—  
Where then the Shiloh's crown,  
Mary, the Christ's renown,  
By prophetic and angelic harps foretold?  
Was strength to thy undoubting spirit given?  
Or did not human love o'erpower thy trust in Heaven?  
"But when Death's conqueror from the tomb return'd,  
Was thine the heart that at his voice ne'er burn'd?  
Follow'd him not thy constant sight,  
Slow melting in Heaven's purest white,  
To take his ancient endless seat on high,  
On the right hand of Parent Deity?  
And when thine earthly pilgrimage was ended,  
We deem not, but that, circled round  
With ringing harps of Heaven's most glorious sound,  
Thy spirit, redeem'd through thy Son's blood, ascend'd  
There evermore in lowliest loftiness,  
Meek thou admir'st, how that living God,  
That fills the Heavens and Earth, in these abode,  
Mary, we yield to thee  
All but idolatry:  
We gaze, admire, and wonder—love and bless:  
Pure, blameless, holy, every praise be thine,  
All honour save thy Son's, all glory but divine."

Caraffa, who is drawn as a conscientious bigot, committing every crime for the advancement of his faith, contrasts himself with Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, in energetic terms.

"Oh! fear not,  
Nor jealousy mistrust me, lest I cross  
Thy upward path: I have forsworn the world,  
Not with the formal oaths that burst like flax,  
But those that chain the soul with triple iron.  
Earth hath no guardian I may covet, none  
I may enjoy.—Thou, Stephen Gardiner,  
Shalt rule sublimely prelates, peers, and kings,  
Loftiest in station, as in mind the mightiest;  
And a perpetual noon of golden power  
Shall blaze around thy lordly mistle state.  
I'm girt for other journeys: at that hour,  
When all but crown'd the righteous work, this I do  
Half bow'd again to the Holy See, I go  
Far in some savage land unknown, remote  
From civilised or reasonable life.  
From letters, arts,—where wild men howl around  
Their blood-stain'd altars,—to uplift th' unknown,  
Unawful Crucifix: I go to pine  
With famine; waste with slow disease; the loathing  
And scorn of men. And when thy race is run,  
Thou, Winchester, in marble cemetery,  
Where thy cathedral roof, like some rich grove,  
Spreads o'er, and all the walls with scatchous blaze,  
Shalt lie. While anthem'd choirs and pealing organs,  
And incense clouds, and a bright heaven of lamps,  
Shall solemnise thy gorgeous obsequies,—  
O'er my unsepulchred and houseless bones,  
Cast on the barren beach of the salt sea,  
Or arid desert, where the vulture flaps  
Her dreary wings, shall never wandering priest  
Or bid his beads or any one passing prayer.  
Thy memory shall live in this land's records  
While the sea girds the isle: but mine shall perish  
As utterly as some base beggar's child  
That uncomplais'd drops like abortive fruit  
Into unhallo'd grave."

"Gard. Impossible!  
Rome cannot waste on such wild service minds  
Like thine, nor they endure the base obedience.  
"Ang. Man of this world, thou know'st not those  
who tread  
The steps of great Ignatius, those that bear  
The name of Jesus and his Cross. I've sunk  
For ever title, rank, wealth—even my being;

And, self-annihilated, boast myself  
A limb, a nameless limb, of that vast body  
That shall bespread the world, unchecked, untraced—  
Like God's own presence, every where, yet nowhere—  
Th' invisible control, by which Rome rules  
The universal mind of man. On thee  
My father's palace gates no more shall open,  
I own no more my proud ancestral name,  
I have no property even in these weeds.  
These coarse and simple weeds I wear; nor will,  
Nor passion, nor affection, nor the love  
Of kindred, touch this earth-strangled heart;  
My personal being is absorbed and dead.  
Thou think'st it much with cllice, scourge, and fast,  
To macerate thy all-too-pamper'd body,  
That thy sere heart is seal'd to woman's love,  
That child shall never climb thy knees, nor call thee  
His father:—on the altar of my God  
I've laid a nobler sacrifice—a soul  
Conscious it might have compass'd empire. This  
I've done; and in no brief and frantic fit  
Of youthful lust ungratified—in the hour  
Of disappointed pride. A noble born  
Of Rome's patrician blood, rich, letter'd, versed  
In the affairs of men; no monkish dreamer  
Hearing Heaven's summons in ecstatic vision,  
God spoke within this heart but with the voice  
Of stern, deliberate duty, and I rose  
Resolved to seal the flood, to tread the fire—  
That's thought—to quell all natural compunction,  
To know no right nor wrong, no crime nor virtue,  
But as subservient to Rome's cause and Heaven's,  
I've school'd my haughty soul to subtle craft,  
I've strung my tender heart to bloodiest havoc,  
And stand prepared to wear the martyr's flames  
Like nuptial robes—far worse, to drag to the stake  
My friend, the brother of my soul—if thus  
I see the hydra heads of heresy."

As a tribute to Mr. Milman's reputation, we continue our extracts from the best parts of this poem. When Anne is threatened with the vengeance of her savage lord, she concludes a meek soliloquy thus prettily:—

"I will live  
On the delicious memory of the past  
And bless him so for few years of bliss,  
My lips shall find no time for harsh reproach:  
I'll be as one of those sweet flowers, that crush'd  
By the contemptuous foot, winds closer round it,  
And breathes in every step its richest odours."

Her scene on being carried prisoner to the Tower is, in our judgment, the finest in the volume.

"Queen. Here—here, then, all is o'er!—Oh! awful walls!  
Oh! silent towers, relentless gates, that open  
Like those of Hell, but to receive the doom'd,  
The desperate—Oh! ye black and massy barriers,  
But broken by yon barr'd and narrow loopholes,—  
How do ye coop from this, God's sunshine world  
Of freshest and delight, your world of wo,  
Your midnight world, where all that live, live on  
In hourly agony of death! Vast dungeon,  
Populous as vast, of your devoted tenants!  
Long ere our bark had touch'd the fatal strand,  
I felt your ghastly shadows darken o'er me,  
And close me round, your thick and clammy air,  
As though 'twere loaded with dire imprecations,  
Wallings of dying and of tortured men,  
Tainted after the wholesome atmosphere."

"Kings. (to the Guard.) Advance your halberds.

"Queen. Oh! sir, pause—one look,

One last, long look, to atone all my senses.

Oh! thou blue cloudless canopy, just tinged

With the faint amber of the setting sun,

Where one by one steal forth the modest stars

To diadem the sky!—thou noble river,

Whose quiet ebb, not like my fortune, sinks

With gentle downfall, and around the keels

Of those thy myriad banks makest passing music!—

Oh! thou great silent city, with thy spires

And palaces, where I was once the greatest,

The happiest—I, whose presence made a tumult

In all your wondering streets and jocund marts!—

But most of all, thou cool and twilight air,

That art a rapture to the breath! The slave,

The beggar, the most base, down-trodden outcast,

The plague-struck livid wretch—there's none so vile,

So object, in your streets, that swarm with life,

They may inhale the liquid joy Heaven breathes—

They may behold the rays evening sky—

They may go rest their feeble limbs where they will:

But I—but I, to whom this summer world

Was all bright sunshine: I, whose time was noted

But by succession of delights—Oh! Kingston,

Thou dost remember, thou wert then lieutenant,

'Tis now—how many years—my memory wanders—

Since I set forth from you dark, low-brow'd porch,

A bride—a monarch's bride—King Henry's bride!

Oh! the glad pump that burn'd upon the waters—

Oh! the rich streams of music that kept time

With cars as musical—the people's shouts,

That call'd Heaven's blessings on my head, in sounds

That might have drown'd the thunders—I've more need

Of blessing now, and not a voice would say it.

"Kings. Your grace, no doubt, will long survive  
this trial.

"Queen. Sir, sir, it is too late to flatter me:

Time was I trusted each fond possibility;

For Hope sat queen of all my golden fortunes;

But now—

"Kings. Day wears, and our imperious mandate

Brooks no delay—advance.

"Queen. Back, back, I say!—

I will not enter! Whither will ye plunge me?

Into what chamber, but the sickly air

Smells all of blood—the black and cobweb'd walls

Are all o'ertraced by dying hands, who've noted

In the damp dew indelible their tale

Of torture—not a bed nor straw-laid pallet

But bears th' impression of a wretch call'd forth

To execution. Will ye place me there,

Where those poor babes, their crook-back'd uncle

murder'd,

Still haunt?—Inhuman hospitality!

Look there! look there! fear mantles o'er my soul

As with a prophet's robe, the ghostly walls

Are sentinel'd with mute and headless spectres,

Whose lank and grief-attenuated fingers

Point to their gory and dis sever'd necks.

The least a lordly noble, some like princes:

Through the dim loopholes gleam the haggard faces

Of those whose dark, unutterable fate

Lies buried in your dungeons' depths: some wan

With famine, some with writhing features fixed

In the agony of torture—Back! I say;

They reckon me across the fatal threshold,

Which none may pass and live.

"Kings. The deaths of traitors,

If such have died within these gloomy towers,

Should not appal your grace with such vain terrors;

The chamber is prepared where slept your highness

When last within the Tower.

"Queen. Oh! 'tis too good

For such a wretch—a death-doom'd wretch as me.

My lord, my Henry—he that call'd me forth

Even from that chamber—with a voice more gentle

Than flutes o'er cabinet wars—will not wrong

The eternal justice—the great law of kings!

Let him arraign me—bribe as witnesses

The angels that behold our inmost thoughts,

He'll find no crime but loving him too fondly;

And let him visit that with his worst vengeance.

Come, sir, your wearied patience well may fail:

On to that chamber where I slept so sweetly,

When guiltier far than now. On—on, good Kingston."

As the catastrophe is consummated, the following are also striking passages.

"A Chamber in the Tower.

"Qu. Oh! Heaven! will they keep up this heavy din

For ever, mocking me with hope, that now

For me they're knolling—roll on roll and clash

On clash!—Oh! music most unmusical!

That never soundest but when graves are open,

And widow's hearts are breaking, and pale orphans

Wringing their hands above a silent bier—

Four knells have rung, four now are dust—thou only

Remain'st, my brother! thou art kneeling now,

Hare thy majestic neck!—A pause—more long

Than wonted: hath the mercy of the king—

The justice rather—sent thee on rush again

To our poor mother's arms, and tell her yet

She's not all childless?—Still no sound!—alas!

It may be that the rapture of deep pity,

And admiration of his noble bearing,

Suspends all hands at their blood-reeking work,

And casts a spell of silence o'er all sounds—

Ha! thou low-rolling doubling drum—I hear thee!

Stern bell, that summon'st to no earthly temple!

Thou'rt now a worshipper in heaven, my brother,

And thy poetic spirit ranges free

Worlds after worlds, confess th' immortal kindred

Of the blest angels—for thy heaven-caught fire,

Still like that fire sprang upward, and made pure

Th' infected air of this world as it pass'd.

My child—my mother—they've forbidden me

To see once more on earth your dear, loved faces:

There's mercy in their harshness—here's no place

To entertain the future Queen of England,

And God hath given me courage to keep down

The mother in my heart; thou, too, my parent,

What hast thou done but torn my heart asunder,

And all distracted my calm thoughts of Heaven?"

That our quotations may not all be of the same speaker, we will add Cranmer's speech to her in prison:—

"Fairwell now,

Of God go forth on all the winds; no more

Fatigue the deaf cold saint with fruitless pray's,

Or kiss with pilgrim lips the unheeding shrine:

That not a village, not a silent hamlet

In mountain solitude, or glen, of traveler

Untroubled, should want its Sabbath bell to knoll

To purest worship: that a holy priesthood,

Chaste, simple, to themselves alone severe,

Poor below luxury, rich beyond contempt,

Environ'd with their heaven-led families,

Should with their lives most saintly eloquence

Preach Christ—Christ only!—while all-reverend

Learning

In arch'd cathedral cloister, or the grove  
That booms deep the calm and thoughtful college,  
Should heavenward meditate, and bring to earth  
The knowledge learnt amid the golden stars.  
But now shall Irreligious Avarice  
Pluck from his lips the scholar's dole—the temple  
Lie desecrate in ruin—or the night  
Of ancient ignorance and error sink  
On the dark land for ever and for ever."

What we have copied for our reader's consideration is enough to render further criticism unnecessary. We will merely point out a few peculiarities which we have not related entirely, and leave, we fear, *Anne Boleyn* to a very humble destiny.

Of bad lines, we shall add only two further examples:

"Greatly to sin, or, politically severe"—p. 42.

"To those that love? They're their own world"—151.

The use of compounded epithets is carried too far: "all-winning ease," "high-scooped advancement," "all-too-pamper'd body," "spectre-staring midnight," "air-embalming name," &c. &c. are hard to admire. Anne's defence comes too strongly into competition with Katharine's in Shakespeare not to suffer by the recollection. Caraffa is made to talk of God's "disastrous purposes," p. 14; an expression which may mean nothing, but, if taken in its obvious sense, is highly censurable. There are several other spots of this kind. Mark Smeaton describes the Queen to be

"An angel by Heaven's providence unplanned."

which is as ludicrous as the cock that was plucked of its feathers to represent Plato's man: and Anne (p. 56) calls Henry's "sacerdotal eyes no woman looks at;" a strange idea, and not the better for borrowing old Chapman's obsolete word. But the arrest of the Queen is perhaps the essence of bad taste:

"Kings. Your majesty must hold yourself in readiness

To embark on the instant for the Tower."

"Queen. The Tower

Oh, mother! mother! that the time should come

When I should wish thee in thy quiet grave.

My child—that I should wish thee yet unborn.

Shall I find justice, sir?

"Kings. The meanest subject

In all the realm would not impeach the equity

Of the king's grace with such a dangerous doubt.

[Queen bursts into laughter.]

Your highness!

"Queen. Start ye thus to see me laugh?

There's laughter that is a girl's most bitter languor,

Laughter that hath no mirth—and such is mine.

Lieutenant of the Tower, I tell thee this:

I've done, sir, in my days, some good, through Christ;

If they misjudge my cause, yet, but a jot,

The fiery indignation from above

Shall blast the bosom of this land, the skies

Shall be as brass, no rain nor drop of dew

Shall moisten the adust and gaping earth.

"Kings. I would beseech your highness to compose

Your too-distemper'd mind.

"Queen. Where are the bishops,

The holy bishops? They will plead my cause,

And make my enemies kneel at my footstool.

I needs must laugh, sir, but I'll weep anon.

Weep floods, weep life-blood, weep till every heart

Shall ache and burst to see me. Now I'll kneel—

Behold me kneel!—and imprecate Heaven's vengeance

If I'm not guiltless. Come—away—away—

Is your charge ready? Sooner to my judgment,

Sooner to my deliverance—So, back

To those I dare not name, I dare not think of."

With this, which we repeat seems to us to be in the very lowest taste, we shall conclude, only reverting to a very absurd paragraph at the close of the Introduction. Mr. M. says—

"It may appear almost superfluous to add, that the manner in which the poem is written, as well as the religious nature of the interest, must for ever preclude it from public representation."

We may assure the author, that if he were acquainted with the present licenser, George Colman, esq., he would feel no uneasiness on this subject; nor think it needful to enter a sort of caveat against the piracies of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Adelphi, Astley's, or

Sadler's Wells: for by the time the said George had struck out all the allusions to the Deity, to heaven, to hell, to Satan, to religion, to politics, to morals, and to immoral, as his wont is, the drama of *Anne Boleyn* would be reduced to some six or eight acting pages.

*Tales from the German.* By Richard Holcraft, B. A. 12mo. pp. 304. London, 1826. Longman and Co.: Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd: Glasgow, Robertson and Atkinson.

THE mine of German literature so far from being wrought out, has not been much more than partially opened by English ingenuity and industry. Skill and judgment have therefore abundance of scope for exercise in that quarter; and the present productive selection shows that both novel and valuable materials lie upon the surface to reward the competent and enterprising labourer. The volume contains nine tales; viz. "Madame de Scuderi," by Hoffman, (occupying more than one-third of it); "The Dishonoured Irreclaimable," by F. Schiller; "The Death of an Angel," and "The Moon," by J. Paul Richter; "The Bridegroom's Probation," and "The Broken Leg," by Langbein; "The Haunted Castle," by Aug. la Fontaine; and "Woldemar," and "The Harp," by T. C. Körner. The first possesses a strong degree of dramatic interest, and we regret that its length proscribes it from our pages. Hoffman is popular in Germany, and this is a fair example of his merits. Schiller's story is not unknown to the English reader, though we believe it has been rather imitated than translated before: in its native form it has the defect of dealing in generals more than in particulars, and leaving much to the imagination; so that the effect, as in all cases where individuality is not made out, is general too. Richter is metaphysical and sentimental, but at the same time curious and original. Langbein, on the other hand, is jocose; an imitator of Boccaccio. La Fontaine affects simplicity, but has probably too much of it for English taste; and Körner, heretofore unknown to us as a prose writer, in his two little histories, sustains the reputation he has acquired by his patriotic poetry. "The Harp" is very pretty and pathetic, and we would willingly copy it as a specimen of this work, but that "The Bridegroom's Probation" may be more amusing to our readers, as shewing how a German writer manages a plot and describes the manners in England.

"A young Englishman, from gaming, love-affairs, and other such gold-scattering enjoyments, had so nearly reached the dregs of his great-grandfather's hereditary portion, that he could calculate the departing hour of his last guinea. As one evening he was returning home from one of those haunts of dissipation which he habitually frequented, feeble in body as in mind, and, for the first time in his life, casting a firm look upon the ruin of his fortune, he could not well determine, whether he should end his troubles by drawing a trigger, or by throwing himself into the Thames.

"While he thus wavered betwixt fire and water, the very profound idea occurred to him not to lay violent hands upon himself, but to allow himself to be conducted out of the labyrinth of poverty by the fair hand of some wealthy bride. With this consoling thought he went to bed, and already in his nocturnal visions the rapid racers flew, the fair girls frisked around him, both of which, he was happy in thinking he might maintain in future upon the dowry of his wife.

"On the following morning, he reflected anew upon his plan, and found it unexceptionable in every point excepting the very slight circumstance of not knowing when or where he was to find the rich heiress he wanted. In London, where all the world regarded him as a spendthrift, it was not once to be thought of: he saw that for the future he must throw his nets out elsewhere.

"After much cogitation and searching, he at last hit upon an old rich colonel, living upon his own estate, about twenty miles from the capital, who fortunately had no acquaintances in London, and was the father of an only daughter.

"Into the house of this gentleman, by means of a friend, to whom he promised half the booty, he got himself introduced and received. The daughter of the colonel was an awkward country girl, with round chubby cheeks like Reuben's cherubim, and looked particularly odd in the hand-me-down attire of her sainted mother, which did not at all fit her, and was of course not of the most fashionable cut. Her mind, too, was as attractive as her attire: she could only talk of hens and geese; and when any other topic came above-board, her conversation was limited to a 'yes, yes,' or a 'no, no; ' all beyond this seemed to her sinful.

"This wooden puppet was indeed a mighty contrast to the sprightly, gay, and lively nymphs with whom the young Briton had, until this period, been toying; but he carefully confined to the solitude of his own bosom the disagreeable feeling of this heaven-and-earth distant difference. His flattering tongue called the girl's silliness celestial innocence, and her red, swollen cheeks he likened to the beauty of the full-blown damask rose. The end of the song was, he turned to the father, and sued warmly for his daughter's hand.

"The colonel, during his sixty years' career through the world, had collected this much knowledge of mankind, that however slyly the young man had masked himself, he could, nevertheless, discover the fortune-hunter peeping through the disguise. At first, therefore, he thought of peremptorily refusing him permission to woo his daughter; but on the other hand, he thought, 'the youth is fashionable, and perhaps I may be doing him injustice:—he, as yet, betrays no anxiety about the portion, and why should the girl, who is marriageable, remain longer at home? His request shall be granted,—but his apparent disinterestedness shall stand a decisive trial.'

"The suitor was then informed that the father had no objections to the match, provided his daughter would give her consent; and she, poor thing, replied as in duty bound,—'My father's will is mine.' Indeed, could any thing else be expected?

"In the course of a few weeks, the marriage ceremony was performed at the country-house of the colonel, and he instantly made his son-in-law acquainted with his wife's portion, which in German money might amount to thirty thousand dollars. The dissembler acted as if he wished to know nothing about the matter, and solemnly vowed that he had not, as yet, thought on such things, but had regarded only the noble qualities of his charming wife, whose pure self was dearer to him than all the treasures of the world.

"Upon this they sat down to table, and the father-in-law urged and begged that they would make as much haste as possible, as it was his intention that the young married people should set off that very afternoon for London, and that he should accompany them.

"The son-in-law was confounded, and began to make some excuses about travelling on the first day of his happiness; but the soldier maintained that these were futile, assuring him that he had particular reasons for proceeding forthwith to the capital, and that his matrimonial joys would be as well realised in London as in the country. What was to be done? Why the journey was immediately undertaken. The old man secured in a small casket, before the eyes of the bridegroom, the portion of the bride, partly in gold and partly in bank notes, took it under his arm, and placed himself by the side of the young people in the carriage.

"The road ran through a forest, and scarcely had they fairly entered it, when two horsemen darted out from the brushwood, with masks upon their faces, and stopped the carriage. One of the persons watched the postilion with a presented pistol, while the other approached the coach window, and said, 'We are adventurers, and request you to give us up instantly the portion of the bride!'

"The colonel and his son-in-law swore and ranted, but the robber coolly insisted upon his demand. After some parleying, however, the horseman bent towards the young man, and whispered in his ear, 'That you may see we are most reasonable men, we leave you the choice of two things,—give us either the bride or her portion: for certain reasons it is quite immaterial to us, and, moreover, no one shall ever know your decision.'

"The bridegroom did not think long about the matter, for he whispered, 'Take the bride!' 'Brother,' cried the robber to his accomplice, 'we shall take the bride.'

"In the twinkling of an eye the soldier seized his gentle son-in-law by the neck, shook him violently, and exclaimed with a thundering voice, 'Ha! villain! so my conjecture was not unfounded, that you cared not for my daughter, but merely for her fortune! God be praised that my child and my money are not yet irrevocably in your clutches! Know then, knave! the man who married you was no clergyman, he was a brother soldier in priest's attire; and these gentlemen are no highwaymen, but friends who have done me the service of proving you. Since, then, you have laid open your whole villainess, we shall have no more connexion. I shall return home with my daughter and my money, and you may go to London—or to the devil!'

"With these words he transplanted the astonished bridegroom with a kick from the carriage to the road, and ordered the postilion to turn about. The outlaw trudged back to London, and had, while upon the road, the fairest and best opportunity of determining whether he should now use a pistol, or throw himself into the river."

We have only to add, that the translations seem to be faithfully made, and to preserve the characteristics of the originals. The printing is very carelessly executed: there is hardly one scrap of a foreign language which is not marred by some blunder.

#### Danham's African Travels.

[Second notice.]

CONTINUING our analysis of this very interesting work, we shall retrace our steps a little, in order to bring up the narrative to these points at which we paused in our first paper. The line pursued by our travellers from Tripoli to the furthest southern latitude reached by Major Danham, was almost direct as the crow flies, varying not many miles on either side from the 16° of east longitude. From



this line two lateral excursions were made to the westward; the first, as we have noticed, by Dr. Oudney from Mourzuk, which did not produce much important information; and the second from Kouka to Sackatoo by Lieutenant Clapperton, which led to the acquisition of much curious intelligence. We ought also, perhaps, to add Major Denham's attempt to trace the boundaries of lake Tchad to these deviations from the general route. On the whole of their right hand, as they proceeded, the country (including the larger proportion of the Sahara or Great Desert,) may be represented as inhabited by the Tuarick tribes; while on the left many different nations of Tibboos are situated. This (besides the Arabs and the Moors, who pervade the whole) appears to be the leading division till we mingle with other varieties of people in the more central and southern parts, with several of whom our countrymen came into contact, either as inhabitants of the districts through which they passed, or as slaves or merchants.

In the course of travelling we find many remarkable scenes described. For example—

"Four camels knocked up during this day's march: on some occasions the Arabs wait, in savage impatience, in the rear, with their knives in their hands, ready, on the signal of the owner, to plunge them into the poor animal, and tear off a portion of the flesh for their evening meal. We were obliged to kill two of them on the spot; the other two, it was hoped, would come up in the night. I attended the slaughter of one; and despatch being the order of the day, a knife is struck in the camel's heart while his head is turned to the east, and he dies almost in an instant; but before that instant expires, a dozen knives are thrust into different parts of the carcass, in order to carry off the choicest part of the flesh. The heart, considered as the greatest delicacy, is torn out, the skin stripped from the breast and haunches, part of the meat cut, or rather torn, from the bones, and thrust into bags, which they carry for the purpose; and the remainder of the carcass is left for the crows, vultures, and hyenas, while the Arabs quickly follow the *kafil*."

"After our march, while waiting for the coming up of the camels, the Tibboos tried their skill with the spear, and were far more expert than I expected to see them: the arm is bent, and the hand not higher than the right shoulder, when they discharge the spear; as it leaves the hand, they give it a strong twist with the fingers, and as it flies it spins in the air. An old man of sixty struck a tree twice at twenty yards; and another, a powerful young man, threw the spear full eighty yards: when it strikes the ground, it sometimes bends nearly double: all who travel on foot carry two. Another weapon, which a Tibboo carries, is a sword of a very peculiar form, called *hungamunga*; of these they sometimes carry three or four. The Arabs, who had been out foraging, returned with thirteen camels, which they had much difficulty in bringing: the Tibboos had followed them several miles. We had patroles the whole night, who, to awaken us for the purpose of assuring us they were awake themselves, were constantly exclaiming *Bulek-ho*, the watchword of the Arabs."

Couriers pass between Bornou and Mourzuk.

"The Tibboos are the only people who will undertake this most arduous service; and the chances are so much against both returning in safety, that one is never sent alone. The two men we had encountered were mounted on

two superb maherhies, and proceeding at the rate of about six miles an hour. A bag of zumeeta (some parched corn), and one or two skins for water, with a small brass basin, with a wooden bowl, out of which they ate and drank, were all their comforts. A little meat, cut in strips, and dried in the sun, called *gedeed*, is sometimes added to the store, which they eat raw; for they rarely light a fire for the purpose of cooking, although the want of this comfort during the nights, on approaching Fezzan, where the cold winds are sometimes biting after the day's heat, is often fatal to such travellers. A bag is suspended under the tail of the maherhy, by which means the dung is preserved, and serves as fuel on halting in the night. Without a *kafil*, and a sufficient number of camels to carry such indispensable as wood and water, it is indeed a perilous journey."

"Two of the horses were very handsome, though small; and on remarking their extreme fatness, I was not a little surprised at learning that they were fed entirely on camels' milk, corn being too scarce and valuable an article for the Tibboos to spare them: they drink it both sweet and sour; and animals in higher health and condition I scarcely ever saw. It is quite surprising with what terror these children of the desert view the Arabs, and the idea they have of their invincibility; while they are smart, active fellows themselves, and both ride and move better and quicker: but the guns! the guns! are their dread; and five or six of them will go round and round a tree, where an Arab has laid down his gun for a minute, stepping on tiptoe, as if afraid of disturbing it, talking to each other in a whisper, as if the gun could understand their exclamations; and I dare say, praying to it not to do them an injury, as fervently as ever man Friday did to Robinson Crusoe's musket."

"None of the Gunda Tibboos were above the middle size, slim, well made, with sharp, intelligent, copper-coloured faces, large prominent eyes, flat noses, large mouth and teeth, regular, but stained a deep red, from the immoderate use of tobacco; the forehead is high; and the turban, which is a deep indigo colour, is worn high on the head, and brought under the chin and across the face, so as to cover all the lower part from the nose downwards: they have sometimes fifteen or twenty charms, in red, green, and black leather cases, attached to the folds of their turbans."

"Most of them have scars on different parts of their faces: these generally denote their rank, and are considered as an ornament. Our sheikh had one under each eye, with one more on each side of his forehead, in shape resembling a half moon. Like the Arabs of the north, their chieftainships are hereditary, provided the heir is worthy; any act of cowardice disqualifies, and the command devolves upon the next in succession."

"Arabs are always on the look out for plunder: 'Tis my vocation, Hal!'—none are ashamed to acknowledge it; but they were on this occasion to act as an escort to oppose banditti, not play the part of one. Nevertheless, greatly dissatisfied were they, at having come so far, and done so little: they formed small parties for reconnoitring on each side of the road, and were open-mouthed for any thing that would offer. One fellow on foot had traced the marks of a flock of sheep to a small village of tents to the east of our course, and now gave notice of the discovery he had made, but that they had seen him, and he believed struck their tents. I felt that I

should be a check upon them in the plunderings. Boo-Khaloom, myself, and about a dozen horsemen (who had each a footman behind him), instantly started for their retreat, which lay over the hills to the east. On arriving at the spot, in a valley of considerable beauty, where these flocks and tents had been observed, we found the place quite deserted. The poor frightened shepherds had moved off with their all, knowing too well what would be their treatment from the Naz Abiad (white people), as they call the Arabs. Their caution, however, was made the excuse for plundering them, and a pursuit was instantly determined on. 'What! not stay to sell their sheep, the rogues! We'll take them now without payment.' We scoured two valleys without discovering the fugitives, and I began to hope that the Tibboos had eluded their pursuers, when, after crossing a deep ravine, and ascending the succeeding ridge, we came directly on about two hundred head of cattle, and about twenty persons, men, women, and children, with ten camels laden with their tents and other necessities, all moving off. The extra Arabs instantly slipped from behind their leaders, and with a shout rushed down the hill; part headed the cattle to prevent their escape; and the most rapid plunder I could have conceived quickly commenced. The camels were instantly brought to the ground, and every part of their load rifled: the poor women and girls lifted up their hands to me, stripped as they were to the skin, but I could do nothing for them beyond saving their lives. A sheikh and a marabout assured me it was quite lawful (*hallal*) to plunder those who left their tents instead of supplying travellers. Boo-Khaloom now came up, and was petitioned. I saw he was ashamed of the paltry booty his followers had obtained, as well as moved by the tears of the sufferers. I seized the favourable moment, and advised that the Arabs should give every thing back, and have a few sheep and an ox for a bousafer (feast): he gave the order, and the Arabs from under their barracans threw down the wrappers they had torn off the bodies of the Tibboo women; and I was glad in my heart, when, taking ten sheep and a fat bullock, we left these poor creatures to their fate, as, had more Arabs arrived, they would most certainly have stripped them of every thing."

But the arrival on lake Tchad is more interesting than even these characteristic details.

"By sunrise (on the 5th of February, says the author) I was on the borders of the lake, armed for the destruction of the multitude of birds, who, all unconscious of my purpose, seemed, as it were, to welcome our arrival. Flocks of geese and wild ducks, of a most beautiful plumage, were quietly feeding at within half pistol-shot of where I stood; and not being a very keen or inhuman sportsman, for the terms appear to me to be synonymous, my purpose of deadly warfare was almost shaken. As I moved towards them they only changed their places a little to the right or left, and appeared to have no idea of the hostility of my intentions. All this was really so new, that I hesitated to abuse the confidence with which they regarded me, and very quietly sat down to contemplate the scene before me. Pelicans, cranes, four and five feet in height, grey, variegated, and white, were scarcely so many yards from my side, and a bird, between a snipe and a woodcock, resembling both and larger than either, immense spoonbills of a snowy whiteness, widgeon, teal, yellow-legged plover, and a hundred species of



(to me at least) unknown water-fowl, were sporting before me; and it was long before I could disturb the tranquillity of the dwellers on these waters by firing a gun.

"The soil near the edges of the lake was a firm dark mud; and, in proof of the great overflows and recedings of the waters, even in this advanced dry season, the stalks of the gussub, of the preceding year, were standing in the lake, more than forty yards from the shore. The water is sweet and pleasant, and abounds with fish, which the natives have a curious way of catching. Some thirty or forty women go into the lake, with their wrappers brought up between their legs, and tied round their middles, as I should say, by single files, and forming a line at some distance in the water, fronting the land, for it is very shallow near the edges, and absolutely charge the fish before them so close, that they are caught by the hand, or leap upon the shore. We purchased some, and the best-flavoured was a sort of bream.

"On quitting Lari, we immediately plunged into a thickly-planted forest of acacias, with high underwood; and at the distance of only a few hundred yards from the town, we came upon large heaps of the elephants' dung, forming hillocks three and four feet in height, and marks of their footsteps: the tracks of these animals increased as we proceeded. Part of the day our road lay along the banks of the Tchad, and the elephants' footmarks, of an immense size, and only a few hours old, were in abundance. Whole trees were broken down where they had fed; and where they had reposed their ponderous bodies, young trees, shrubs, and underwood, had been crushed beneath their weight. We also killed this day an enormous snake, a species of coluber; it was a most disgusting, horrible animal, but not, however, venomous. It measured eighteen feet from the mouth to the tail; it was shot by five balls, and was still moving off, when two Arabs, with each a sword, nearly severed the head from the body. On opening the belly, several pounds of fat were found, and carefully taken off by the two native guides who accompanied us: this they pronounced a sovereign remedy for sick and diseased cattle, and much prized amongst them. Scarcely a mile further, a drove of wild red cattle, which I at first took for deer, were seen bounding to the west. I had no gun, but got extremely close to them, and found they were what the Arabs call 'bugra-hammar-wahash' (red cow wild). They appeared to partake of the bullock and buffalo, with a tuft or lump on the shoulder."

On the 10th of February, Major D. continues, "I this morning went to the eastward, in order to see the extent of the forest, and also, if possible, to get a sight of the herd of upwards of one hundred and fifty elephants, which some of the Arabs had seen the day before, while their camels were feeding. I was not disappointed. I found them about six miles from the town, in the grounds annually overflowed by the waters of the lake, where the coarse grass is twice the height of a man: they seemed to cover the face of the country, and, I should think, exceeded the number I had expected to see. When the waters flow over these their pasturages, they are forced by hunger to approach the towns, and spread devastation throughout their march; whole plantations, the hopes of the inhabitants for the next year, are sometimes destroyed in a single night. Nothing, however, more ferocious than large antelopes, with a fox and wild hog or two, was to be seen, besides elephants,

although I beat every thicket. We had followed about half a dozen of these antelopes for more than three hours, who merely changed their place without ever getting out of sight, but never allowed us to get near enough to hazard a shot. When quite fatigued, I determined on making for some distant huts, and begging a little milk, sweet or sour. No knowing landlady of a country inn ever scanned the character of her customer more than did this untaught, though cunning negro whom we found there. He first denied that he had any, notwithstanding the bowls were full scarcely ten paces behind him; and then asked what I had got to pay for it? I had really nothing; and after offering my pocket-handkerchief, which was returned to me as not worth any thing, I was about to depart, though ten long miles from the tents, thirsty as I was, when the Arab pointed to a needle which was sticking in my jacket: for this and a white bend which the Arab produced, we had a bowl of fine milk and a basket of nuts, which refreshed us much; and we returned home by the lake, where I shot two birds—one a very fine crane, and the other of the woodpecker species, and saw a flock of at least five hundred pelicans, but could not get near enough to fire at them.

"The road to-day was thickly scattered with trees—saw flocks of red cattle, and killed a wild hog. The hyenas came so close to the tents last night, that a camel, which lay about a hundred yards from the enclosure, was found nearly half eaten. A lion first made a meal on the poor animal; when the hyenas came down upon what he had left. We had fires the whole night; and notwithstanding the continued howlings which these animals kept up until daylight, our rest was but little disturbed."

From Kouka (the reception at which appeared among the extracts in our last), Major Denham made a determined effort to examine lake Tchad; and though he could not entirely accomplish his object, many of his remarks illustrate native customs, &c. in a singular manner, besides throwing a light upon this inland sea, one of those which, probably, fill the internal geography of Africa with so many problems, especially as they relate to the Niger and other rivers. But previously to revisiting the Tchad, we must notice the sultan at Birnie,—a personage, as we stated, in spite of his title, inferior to the sheikh at Kouka.

"March 2.—Boo-Khaloom went this day to Birnie, for the purpose of paying his respects to the sultan, who resides there, and we accompanied him. Aigroun, a very large and populous town, where the sheikh resided previous to his building Kouka, is about sixteen miles from that place, and two miles from Birnie. Boo-Khaloom took with him presents to the amount of about one hundred and twenty dollars, but by some strange mistake we went empty-handed.

"On our arrival at Birnie, which is a walled town, with huts of the same description as those in Kouka, and probably contains ten thousand inhabitants, we were first conducted to the gate of the sultan's mud edifice, where a few of the court were assembled to receive us; and one, a sort of chamberlain, habited in eight or ten tobes, or shirts, of different colours, the outside one of fine white tufted silk, of the manufacture of Soudan. In his hand he carried an immense staff, like a drum-major's baton, and on his head he bore a turban exceeding in size any thing of the kind we had before seen; this was however but a

trifling one to those we were destined to behold at the audience on the following morning. After salutations, *Barca l'affia el hamdalilla!* (Blessing!—Are you well? Thank God!) which lasted for some minutes, we were conducted to some huts destined for our resting-place for the night; they were not, however, of a tempting description; and Boo-Khaloom proposed that a large tent should be pitched any where, which would be preferable. These wishes were quickly complied with; a large marquee was in a very short time ready for our reception, with a screen of linen running all round it, which, although it kept out the crowds of people who were assembled round the place, admitted the air, and formed a most inviting retreat from the burning sun that shone above us. The sultan shortly after sent word, that by sunrise the next morning he would receive us. In the evening a most plentiful, if not delicate, repast was brought to us, consisting of seventy dishes, each of which would have dined half-a-dozen persons with moderate appetites. The sultan himself sent ten, his wives thirty, and his mother thirty; and for fear the English should not eat like the Bornow, a slave or two was loaded with live fowls for our dinner. The meats consisted of mutton and poultry, and were baked, boiled, and stewed.

"March 3.—Soon after daylight we were summoned to attend the Sultan of Bornou. He received us in an open space in front of the royal residence: we were kept at a considerable distance while his people approached to within about 100 yards, passing first on horseback; and after dismounting and prostrating themselves before him, they took their places on the ground in front, but with their backs to the royal person, which is the custom of the country. He was seated in a sort of cage of cane or wood, near the door of his garden, on a seat which at the distance appeared to be covered with silk or satin, and through the railing looked upon the assembly before him, who formed a sort of semicircle, extending from his seat to nearly where we were waiting. Nothing could be more absurd and grotesque than some, nay all, of the figures who formed this court. Here was all the outward show of pomp and grandeur, without one particle of the staple commodity, power, to plead its excuse; he reigns and governs by the sufferance of the sheikh: and the better to answer his views, by making him more popular with all parties, the sultan is amused by indulging in all the folly and bigotry of the ancient negro sovereigns. Large bellies and large heads are indispensable for those who serve the court of Bornou; and those who unfortunately possess not the former by nature, or on whom lustiness will not be forced by cramming, make up the deficiency of protuberance by a wadding, which, as they sit on the horse, gives the belly the curious appearance of hanging over the pommel of the saddle. The eight, ten, and twelve shirts, of different colours, that they wear one over the other, help a little to increase this greatness of person; the head is enveloped in folds of muslin or linen of various colours, though mostly white, so as to deform it as much as possible; and those whose turban seemed to be the most studied had the effect of making the head appear completely on one side. Besides this, they are hung all over with charms, enclosed in little red leather parcels, strung together; the horse, also, has them round his neck, in front of his head, and about the saddle.

"When these courtiers, to the number of

about two hundred and sixty or three hundred, had taken their seats in front of the sultan, we were allowed to approach to within about pistol-shot of the spot where he was sitting, and desired to sit down ourselves, when the ugliest black that can be imagined, his chief eunuch, the only person who approached the sultan's seat, asked for the presents. *Boo-Khaloom's* were produced, enclosed in a large shawl, and were carried unopened to the presence. Our glimpse was but a faint one of the sultan, through the lattice-work of his pavilion, sufficient however to see that his turban was larger than any of his subjects', and that his face, from the nose downwards, was completely covered. A little to our left, and nearly in front of the sultan, was an extempore declaimer shouting forth praises of his master, with his pedigree; and near him one who bore the long wooden *frumfrum*, on which he ever and anon blew a blast, loud and unmusical. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the appearance of these people squatting down in their places, tottering under the weight and magnitude of their turbans and their bellies, while the thin legs that appeared underneath but ill accorded with the bulk of the other parts.

"Immediately after this ceremony we took our departure for Angornou. Angornou is the largest and most populous town of Bornou, and is situated a few miles from the Tchad. This town contains at least thirty thousand inhabitants: it is large and straggling, but not walled. The huts are also larger and more commodious than those of Kouka; some of them having four mud walls and two chambers. All our friends the merchants, who had accompanied the *kafila* from Tripoli and Mourzouk, had removed here, after paying their respects to the sheikh at Kouka, this being the fag, or market town: they visited us immediately on our arrival. The only traders to Soudan are Moors. I found here a native of Loggou, who had just returned from Sennar; he had been, however, two years on the journey. This man I was extremely anxious to see, but he was purposely moved away; and when, on the following day, I followed him to Kouka, he sent me word, that until he had seen the sheikh he dared not come to the hut.

"The public market-day is on a Wednesday, and attended sometimes by eighty or a hundred thousand persons, as the natives say, in peaceable times; but there was a very good market this day, in an open space in the centre of the town, which is held every evening. Fish, flesh, and fowls, were in abundance, dressed and undressed, and tomatoes and onions; but no other vegetables. Again my excessive whiteness became a cause of both pity and astonishment, if not disgust. A crowd followed me through the market, others fled at my approach, some of the women oversetting their merchandise by their over anxiety to get out of my way; and although two of them were so struck with astonishment as to remain fixed to the spot, unconscious of the escape of their companions, they no sooner perceived me quite close to them, than they too ran off irresistibly affrighted. The day had been insufferably hot, and the night was little less so: indeed I think Kouka the better air of the two. I preferred this night sleeping in the open air.

"March 4.—Linen is so cheap that most of the males in Angornou indulge in the luxury of a shirt and a pair of trousers. Several beggars stood near the fag, and holding the remains of an old pair of the latter in their hand, while they held up their shirt, in proof of their

assertion, kept exclaiming, 'But breeches there are none! But breeches there are none!' This novel mode of drawing the attention of the passers-by so amused me, that I could not help laughing outright.

"The principal demand at Angornou was for amber and coral; a large round piece of the former brought four dollars in money, and a string, eighty or one hundred. Pieces of brass and copper were also much sought after. All other kinds of merchandise were paid for in slaves or tobes; but these brought money, and were readily sold. The inhabitants are mostly Bornowy. The strangers, however, are numerous, and many Tibboos and Kanembos reside here for certain months in the year. The men are well-grown, but not so well-looking as the people of Kanem; the large mouth and thick lips are strikingly ugly features. The men's heads are, in general, closely shaved, and those of the lower orders uncovered. The only persons armed near the sultan's person were some hundreds of negroes, in blue tobes, who were outside the court circle. These bore immense clubs, with a large round head: bows and arrows were slung at their backs, and a short dagger placed along the inside of the right arm. A footman, in attendance on a chief mounted, ran behind him, carrying four spears."

We now come to the expedition to the Tchad.

"On arriving at the lake, Maramy left us, as he said, to look for the elephants, as the sheikh had desired him to take me close to them; and I commenced shooting and examining the beautiful variety of water-fowl that were in thousands sporting on the water and on its shores. I succeeded in shooting a most beautiful white bird of the crane kind, with black neck and long black bill, and some snipes, which were as numerous as swarms of bees; and in three shots killed four couple of ducks, and one couple of wild geese: these were very handsomely marked, and fine specimens. While I was thus employed, Maramy came galloping up, saying that he had found three very large elephants grazing to the south-east, close to the water. When we came within a few hundred yards of them, all the persons on foot, and my servant on a mule, were ordered to halt, while four of us, who were mounted, rode up to these stupendous animals.

"The sheikh's people began screeching violently, and although at first they appeared to treat our approach with great contempt, yet, after a little they moved off, erecting their ears, which had until then hung flat on their shoulders, and giving a roar that shook the ground under us. One was an immense fellow, I should suppose sixteen feet high; the other two were females, and moved away rather quickly, while the male kept in the rear, as if to guard their retreat. We wheeled swiftly round him, and Maramy casting a spear at him, which struck him just under the tail, and seemed to give him about as much pain as when we prick our finger with a pin, the huge beast threw up his proboscis in the air with a loud roar, and from it cast such a volume of sand, that, unprepared as I was for such an event, nearly blinded me. The elephant rarely, if ever, attacks, and it is only when irritated that he is dangerous; but he will sometimes run upon a man and horse, after choking them with dust, and destroy them in an instant.

"As we had cut him off from following his companions, he took the direction leading to where we had left the mule and the footmen. They quickly fled in all directions, and my

man Columbus (the mule not being inclined to increase its pace) was so alarmed, that he did not get the better of it for the whole day. We pressed the elephant now very close, riding before, behind, and on each side of him; and his look sometimes, as he turned his head, had the effect of checking instantly the speed of my horse—his pace never exceeded a clumsy rolling walk, but was sufficient to keep our horses at a short gallop. I gave him a ball from each barrel of my gun, at about fifty yards' distance, and the second, which struck his ear, seemed to give him a moment's uneasiness only; but the first, which struck him on the body, failed in making the least impression. After giving him another spear, which flew off his tough hide without exciting the least sensation, we left him to his fate.

"News was soon brought us that eight elephants were at no great distance, and coming towards us: it was thought prudent to chase them away, and we all mounted for that purpose. They appeared unwilling to go, and did not even turn their backs until we were quite close, and had thrown several spears at them; the flashes from the pan of the gun, however, appeared to alarm them more than any thing: they retreated very majestically, first throwing out, as before, a quantity of sand. A number of the birds here called *tuda* were perched on the backs of the elephants. These resemble a thrush in shape and note, and were represented to me as being extremely useful to the elephant, in picking off the vermin from those parts which it is not in his power to reach."

#### Ellis's Tour: Sandwich Islands.

[Second notice.]

WE were obliged to break off in our Review of this volume while illustrating certain missionary labours, which we did not feel to be so satisfactory as could be wished in mode, argument, or result: with this we now resume—at Hiro.

"Shortly after ten o'clock, the chiefs, and people in considerable numbers, assembled in a large house adjacent to that in which we resided, agreeably to the invitation given them last evening. The worship commenced as usual, and I preached from the text, 'Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.' The attention was not so good as that generally given by the congregations we had addressed. Many, however, quietly listened till the service was over. As we arose to depart, an old woman, who, during the discourse, sat near the speaker, and had listened very attentively, all at once exclaimed, 'Powerful are the gods of Hawaii, and great is *Pélé*, the goddess of Hawaii, she shall save Maaro,' (the sick chief who was present.) Another began to chant a song in praise of *Pélé*, to which the people generally listened, though some began to laugh. We supposed they were intoxicated, and therefore took no notice of them; but on our leaving the house, some of our people told us they were not *ona i ka ruma* (intoxicated or poisoned with rum), but inspired by the *akua* (goddess) of the volcano; or that one of them was *Pélé* herself, in the form of one of her priestesses. On hearing this I turned back into the house, and, when the song was ended, immediately entered into conversation with the principal one, by asking her if she had attended to the discourse that had been delivered there? She answered that she had listened, and understood it. I then asked if she thought Jehovah was good, and those happy who made him their God? She answered, 'He is your good God, (or best

God,) and it is right that you should worship him; but Pélé is my deity, and the great goddess of Hawaii. Kirauea is the place of her abode. Obiaotelani (the northern peak of the volcano) is one corner of her house. From the land beyond the sky, in former times, she came.' She then went on with the song which she had thus began, giving a long account of the deeds and honours of Pélé. This she pronounced in such a rapid and vociferous manner, accompanied by such violent gestures, that only here and there a word could be understood. Indeed, towards the close, she appeared to lose all command of herself. When she had done, I told her she was mistaken in supposing any supernatural being resided in the volcano; that Pélé was a creature of their own invention, and existed only in the imagination of her *khan*, or devotees; adding, that volcanoes, and all their accompanying phenomena, were under the powerful control of Jehovah, who, though uncreated himself, was the Creator and Supporter of heaven and earth, and every thing she beheld. She replied, that it was not so. She did not dispute that Jehovah was a God, but that he was not the only God. Pélé was a goddess, and dwelt in her, and through her would heal the sick chief then present. She wished him restored, and therefore came to visit him. I said I also wished Maaro to recover, but if he did recover, it would be by the favour of Jehovah, and that I hoped he would acknowledge him, and seek to him alone, as he was the only true Physician, who could save both body and soul, making the latter happy in another world, when this world, with all its volcanoes, mountains, and oceans, should cease to exist.

"I then advised her, and all present, to forsake their imaginary deity, whose character was distinguished by all that was revengeful and destructive, and accept the offers Jehovah had made them by his servants, that they might be happy now, and escape the everlasting death that would overtake all the idolatrous and wicked.

"Assuming a haughty air, she said, 'I am Pélé; I shall never die; and those who follow me, when they die, if part of their bones be taken to Kirauea, (the name of the volcano,) will live with me in the bright fires there.' I said, 'Are you Pélé?' She replied, 'Yes'; and was proceeding to state her powers, &c. when Makoa, who had till now stood silent, interrupted her, and said, 'It is true you are Pélé, or some of Pélé's party; and it is you that have destroyed the king's land, devoured his people, and spoiled all the fishing grounds. Ever since you came to the islands, you have been busied in mischief; you spoiled the greater part of the island, shook it to pieces, or cursed it with barrenness, by inundating it with lava. You never did any good; and if I were the king, I would throw you all into the sea, or banish you from the islands. Hawaii would be quiet if you were away.'

"This was rather unexpected, and seemed to surprise several of the company. However, the pretended Pélé said, 'Formerly we did overflow some of the land, but it was only the land of those that were rebels, or were very wicked people. Now we abide quietly in Kirauea.' She then added, 'It cannot be said that in these days we destroy the king's people.' She mentioned the names of several chiefs, and then asked who destroyed these? not Pélé, but the rum of the foreigners, whose God you are so fond of. Their diseases and their rum have destroyed more of the king's men than all the volcanoes on the island. I

told her I regretted that their intercourse with foreigners should have introduced among them diseases to which they were strangers before, and that I hoped they would also receive the advantages of Christian instruction and civilisation, which the benevolent in those countries by which they had been injured, were now so anxious to impart: that intoxication was wholly forbidden by Jehovah, the God of Christians, who had declared that no drunkard should enter the kingdom of heaven. I then said, I was sorry to see her so deceived, and attempting to deceive others; told her she knew her pretensions were false, and recommended her to consider seriously the consequences of idolatry, and cease to practise her fatal deceptions; to recollect that she would one day die; that God had given her an opportunity of hearing of his love to sinners in the gift of his Son; and that if she applied to him for mercy, although now an idolatrous priestess, she might be saved; but if she did not, a fearful doom awaited her. 'I shall not die,' she exclaimed, 'but *ora no*' (live spontaneously). After replying to this, I retired; but the spectators, who had manifested by their countenances that they were not uninterested in the discussion, continued in earnest conversation for some time. The name of the priestess we afterwards learned was *Oani*. She resided in a neighbouring village, and had that morning arrived at Waiakea, on a visit to Maaro.

"When the national idolatry was publicly abolished in the year 1819, several priests of Pélé denounced the most awful threatenings of earthquakes, eruptions, &c. from the gods of the volcanoes, in revenge for the insult and neglect then shewn by the king and chiefs. But no fires afterwards appearing in any of the extinguished volcanoes, no fresh ones having broken out, and those then in action having since that period remained in a state of comparative quiescence, some of the people have been led to conclude, that the gods formerly supposed to preside over volcanoes had existed only in their imagination. The fearful apprehensions which they had been accustomed to associate with every idea of Pélé and her companions have in a great measure subsided, and the oppressive power of her priests and priestesses is consequently diminished. There are, however, many who remain in constant dread of her displeasure, and who pay the most submissive and unhesitating obedience to the requisitions of her priests."

This extract furnishes a fair view of the case, and shews, we fear, that the natives have as yet done little else than add the God of the Christians to the multitude of their own deities whom they possessed before; and that to consider them converts to Christianity, as yet, would be a gross delusion. The volcano alluded to in the foregoing colloquy is an extraordinary natural phenomenon. Mr. Corney informs us that the people hold it to be a hell for the wicked, (*Literary Gazette* for 1821, p. 696,) while the spirits of the good roam about at pleasure: but Mr. Ellis appears to have acquired more specific information; and his visit to and description of the crater itself, is one of the most curious portions of his work, though too long, at least for this Number of the *Gazette*. For the present we will only subjoin accounts of some of the native customs.

Giving us the details of an odd mixture of sacred and profane—

"At sunrise next morning (says our author), Mr. Stewart and I walked down to Keopulani's, and conducted the usual morning exercises, in the large house near the sea.

About fifty persons were present. In the afternoon I accompanied the missionaries to their schools on the beach. The proficiency of many of the pupils in reading, spelling, and writing on slates, was pleasing.

"Just as they had finished their afternoon instruction, a party of musicians and dancers arrived before the house of Keopulani, and commenced a *hura ka raau* (dance to the beating of a stick). Five musicians advanced first, each with a staff in his left hand, five or six feet long, about three or four inches in diameter at one end, and tapering off to a point at the other. In his right hand he held a small stick of hard wood, six or nine inches long, with which he commenced his music, by striking the small stick on the larger one, beating time all the while with his right foot on a stone, placed on the ground beside him for that purpose. Six women, fantastically dressed in yellow *tapa's*, crowned with garlands of flowers, having also wreaths of the sweet-scented flowers of the *gardenia* on their necks, and branches of the fragrant *mairi* (another native plant,) bound round their ancles, now made their way by couples through the crowd, and, arriving at the area, on one side of which the musicians stood, began their dance. Their movements were slow, and, though not always graceful, exhibited nothing offensive to modest propriety. Both musicians and dancers alternately chanted songs in honour of former gods and chiefs of the islands, apparently much to the gratification of the numerous spectators. After they had continued their *hura* (song and dance) for about half an hour, the queen, Keopulani, requested them to leave off, as the time had arrived for conducting worship. The music ceased; the dancers sat down; and, after the missionaries and some of the people had sung one of the songs of Zion, I preached to the surrounding multitude, with special reference to their former idolatrous dances, and the vicious customs connected therewith, from Acts, xvii. 30. 'The times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent.' The audience was attentive; and when the service was finished, the people dispersed, and the dancers returned to their houses."

Another native dance is thus described:

"In the afternoon a party of strolling musicians and dancers arrived at Kairua. About four o'clock they came, followed by crowds of people, and arranged themselves on a fine sandy beach in front of one of the governor's houses, where they exhibited a native dance, called *hura arapaapa*.

"The five musicians first seated themselves in a line on the ground, and spread a piece of folded cloth on the sand before them. Their instrument was a large calabash, or rather two, one of an oval shape about three feet high, the other perfectly round, very neatly fastened to it, having also an aperture about three inches in diameter at the top. Each musician held his instrument before him with both hands, and produced his music by striking it on the ground, where he had laid the piece of cloth, and beating it with his fingers or the palms of his hands. As soon as they began to sound their calabashes, the dancer, a young man, about the middle stature, advanced through the opening crowd. His jet-black hair hung in loose and flowing ringlets down his naked shoulders; his necklace was made of a vast number of strings of nicely braided human hair, tied together behind, while a *paraoa* (an ornament made of a whale's tooth) hung pendant from it on his breast; his wrists



were ornamented with bracelets, formed of polished tusks of the hog, and his ankles with loose buskins, thickly set with dog's teeth, the rattle of which, during the dance, kept time with the music of the calabash drum. A beautiful yellow tapa was tastefully fastened around his loins, reaching to his knees. He began his dance in front of the musicians, and moved forwards and backwards across the area, occasionally chanting the achievements of former kings of Hawaii. The governor sat at the end of the ring, opposite to the musicians, and appeared gratified with the performance, which continued until the evening."

Again—"About four o'clock in the afternoon, another party of musicians and dancers, followed by multitudes of people, took their station nearly on the spot occupied yesterday by those from Kail. The musicians, seven in number, seated themselves on the sand; a curiously carved drum, made by hollowing out a solid piece of wood, and covering the top with shark's skin, was placed before each, which they beat with the palm or fingers of their right hand. A neat little drum, made of the shell of a large cocoa-nut, was also fixed on the knee, by the side of the large drum, and beat all the while with a small stick held in the left hand. When the musicians had arranged themselves in a line across the beach, and a bustling man, who appeared to be master of ceremonies, had, with a large branch of a cocoa-nut tree, cleared a circle of considerable extent, two interesting little children, (a boy and a girl,) apparently about nine years of age, came forward, habited in the dancing costume of the country, with garlands of flowers on their heads, wreaths around their necks, bracelets on their wrists, and buskins on their ankles. When they had reached the centre of the ring, they commenced their dance to the music of the drums; cantilating all the while, alternately with the musicians, a song in honour of some ancient chief of Hawaii.

"The governor of the island was present, accompanied, as it is customary for every chieftain of distinction to be on public occasions, by a retinue of favourite chiefs and attendants. Having almost entirely laid aside the native costume, and adopted that of the foreigners who visit the islands, he appeared on this occasion in a light European dress, and sat on a Canton-made arm chair, opposite the dancers, during the whole exhibition. A servant with a light *kihei* of painted native cloth thrown over his shoulder, stood behind his chair, holding a highly polished portable spittoon, made of the beautifully brown wood of the cordia in one hand, and in the other a handsome *kahiri*, an elastic rod, three or four feet long, having the shining feathers of the tropic-bird tastefully fastened round the upper end, with which he fanned away the flies from the person of his master.

"The beach was crowded with spectators, and the exhibition kept up with great spirit, till the overspreading shades of evening put an end to their mirth, and afforded a respite to the poor children, whose little limbs must have been very much fatigued by two hours of constant exercise. We were anxious to address the multitude on the subject of religion before they should disperse; but so intent were they on their amusement, that they could not have been diverted from it. I succeeded, however, in taking a sketch of the novel assemblage.

"A messenger now invited us to sup with the governor, and we soon after joined him and his friends around his hospitable board. Our repast was not accompanied by the glad-

some sound of 'harp in hall,' or 'aged minstrel's flowing lay,' yet it was enlivened by an interesting youthful bard, twelve or fourteen years of age, who was seated on the ground in the large room in which we were assembled, and who, during the supper, sung, in a monotonous but pleasing strain, the deeds of former chiefs, ancestors of our host. His fingers swept no 'classic lyre,' but beat, in a manner responsive to his song, a rustic little drum, formed of a calabash, beautifully stained, and covered at the head with a piece of shark-skin. The governor and his friends were evidently pleased with his lay, and the youth seemed repaid by their approbation."

Other peculiarities of manners are well worth noting, as illustrating the strange fancies which exist among the widely-scattered families of human-kind; and displaying customs, which though different from those with which we are familiar, are yet analogous to many which the traditions of former ages and the annals of distant lands have brought to our knowledge. Our extracts are quite miscellaneous.

"Few of the Hawaiian females are without some favourite animal: it is usually a dog. Here, however, we observed a species of pet that we had not seen before. It was a curly-tailed pig, about a year and a half old, three or four feet long, and apparently well fed. He belonged to two sisters of our host, who formed part of his family, and joined the social circle around the evening hearth.

"We had not travelled far before we reached Ninole, a small village on the seashore, celebrated on account of a short pebbly beach called Koroa, the stones of which were reported to possess very singular properties, amongst others, that of propagating their species. The natives told us it was a *wahi pana* (place famous) for supplying the stones employed in making small adzes and hatchets, before they were acquainted with the use of iron; but particularly for furnishing the stones of which the gods were made who presided over most of the games of Hawaii. Some powers of discrimination, they told us, were necessary to discover the stones which would answer to be deified. When selected, they were taken to the *heiau*, and there several ceremonies were performed over them. Afterwards, when dressed, and taken to the place where the games were practised, if the parties to whom they belonged were successful, their fame was established; but if unsuccessful for several times together, they were either broken to pieces, or thrown contemptuously away. When any were removed for the purpose of being transformed into gods, one of each sex was generally selected, and were always wrapped very carefully together in a piece of native cloth. After a certain time, they said a small stone would be found with them, which, when grown to the size of its parents, was taken to the *heiau* or temple, and afterwards made to preside at the games.

"This place is also celebrated as furnishing the small black and white stones used by the natives in playing at *konane*, a native game resembling draughts, and apparently more intricate. The *konane* board is generally two feet long, and contains upwards of two hundred squares, usually fourteen in a row. It is a favourite amusement with the old men; and we have known one game, commenced early in the morning, hardly concluded on the same day.

"An interesting conversation was carried on this evening with respect to the separate

existence of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and the general judgment at the last day. The account of the raising of the widow's son, and the calling of Lazarus from the grave after he had been dead four days, seemed greatly to interest the natives. We afterwards endeavoured to learn from them some thing respecting their opinions of a state of existence after death. But all they said upon the subject was so contradictory, and mixed with fiction, that it could not be discovered whether they had any definite idea of the nature, or even the existence, of such a state. Some said that all the souls of the departed went to the *Po*, (place of night,) and were annihilated, or eaten by the gods there. Others said, that some went to the regions of *Akea* and *Miru*. *Akea*, they said, was the first king of Hawaii. At the expiration of his reign, which terminated with his life at Waipio, the place where we then were, he descended to a region far below, called *Kapahanaumoku*, (the island-bearing rock, or stratum,) and founded a kingdom there. *Miru*, who was his successor, and reigned in Hama-kua, descended, when he died, to *Akea*, and shared the government of the place with him. Their land is a place of darkness; their food lizards and butterflies. There are several streams of water, of which they drink; and some said there were large *kahiris*, and wide-spreading kou trees, beneath which they reclined. But to most of the questions that were asked, they said they could give no answer, as they knew nothing about it; none had ever returned, in open daylight, to tell them any thing respecting it; and all they knew was from visions or dreams of the priests. Sometimes, they said, when a recently liberated spirit arrived in the dominions of *Miru*, the Pluto of Hawaii, he (*viz.* *Miru*) would ask it what the kings above were doing, and what were the principal pursuits of the people? and when he had answered, he was sent back to the *ao marama* (state of day or light) with a message from *Miru* to them, to *ho nui mai ma nei*, (to descend altogether to this place). The person so sent would appear to the priests in a dream, deliver his message, and then return to the lower regions.

"This account accorded with the report of the late Tamehameha's appearing to a man in the division of Kona, of which we had before heard. A short time ago, a man in the southern part of Kona retired to rest as usual. In the middle of the night, it is said, he was conducted by a spirit to the lower regions, where he saw Tamehameha, who asked him by whom Hawaii was governed; and made several inquiries respecting his son *Rihorihoro*, and his other children. Tamehameha then requested the man to return, deliver a certain message to *Kuakini*, and also to *Rihorihoro* the king, promising his favour if he obeyed, but threatening severely should he fail to do as he had directed him. The man returned to his house, related where he had been, but instead of setting off immediately to *Kairua*, he remained to dress a hog, and prepare food for the journey. The delay was severely punished, for he died before the food he had stopped to prepare was cooked.

"This story probably originated with those who were fearful lest some of the institutions and principles of the late king should be disregarded by his successors. It serves, however, to exhibit the popular notions of the people, and the great influence Tamehameha had over them.

"The account given this evening of the

Hawaiian *hades*, afforded another proof of the identity between the traditions of the Sandwich and Society Islanders. For among the latter, the spirits of the Areois, and priests of certain idols, were not eaten by the gods after the death of their bodies, but went to Miru, (pronounced by both Meru,) where they lived much in the same way as the departed kings and heroes of Hawaii were supposed to do; or, joining hands, they formed a circle with those that had gone before, and danced in one eternal round."

This will suggest some remarkable associations to those who are conversant with Meru and the Hindoo mythology.

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The Baths of Bagnole; or the Juvenile Miscellany.* 18mo. C. F. Cock. London, 1826.

A PLEASANT little story-book for children, inculcating moral duties and good feelings in an agreeable manner, and interspersed with stories gathered in travelling on the Continent.

*Essays, Religious, Moral, and Practical.* By S. Hopkinson, S. T. B., Rector of Etton, &c. 12mo. pp. 243. London, 1826. J. Harris.

A MORE miscellaneous set of Essays we never met with in one small volume; the Deluge, Shooting, Charity, Equality, Earthquake, Riding, Walking, Death, and Judgment, are only items in the list of between thirty and forty papers. In them all, however, the reader will find something worthy of perusal; and we do not like them the less for the oddity of their mixture, whether it regards contents, or style and manner. The author has not been unobservant in his way through life, and many of his remarks are very acute; while his illustrations, often drawn from ancient authors, are equally amusing. His chapter on Shooting is quite a treat.

*A Visit to the Rectory of Passy, &c.* 12mo. pp. 228. Hatchard and Son.

THIS is a series of village sketches of character and scenery, with the occasional discussion of more important topics. We might characterise it by saying, that it partakes of some resemblance to Crabbe's Poems and to Miss Mitford's Tales. Not vouching for all its opinions, as we have not examined them sufficiently, we can safely commend its general spirit, and speak well of its powers of entertainment.

*A Catalogue of Books in every Department of Oriental Literature, &c. including the Holy Scriptures, a large Collection of Oriental MSS., &c.* By Howell and Stewart, Successors to Ogle, Duncan, and Co. London, 1826.

WE notice this Catalogue as being drawn up in a very able way, so as not only to bring before us an immense list of works bearing on the religion, philology, and history, &c. of eastern nations, from the time the human race were in their cradle till now, but also to form an extremely useful book of reference for scholars. The notes, on a multitude of publications, taken from eminent critical and learned authorities, impart a great value to it.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GARDENING REPORT FOR MARCH, AND CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the severity of the weather during last month, gardens have suffered much less than might have been expected.

This, as far as it respects herbaceous vegetables, is chiefly owing to the dryness of the soil, and the comparative desiccation of the plants themselves, in consequence of which neither are so much liable to contraction and expansion by alternate frosts and thaws, as when charged with moisture. This contraction and expansion, while it softens and improves the soil, loosens the roots of plants on its surface, and breaks their parts. The blossoms of fruit-trees have not suffered much from the late frosts, because the preceding dry summer has been the cause of the blossom buds being more than usually well ripened; and it is a fact well known to practical gardeners, that the blossoms on well-ripened wood resist spring frosts more effectually than the blossoms on watery, immature shoots. Covent Garden market has been well supplied with vegetables during this spring; forced articles were never more abundant, or cheaper. Forced rhubarb-stalks, which twenty years ago were scarcely known in London, are now common on every green-grocer's stall, and in use by the most humble families; a circumstance which must contribute materially to health, and especially to that of children. The use of sea kale has also wonderfully increased within these few years. It is gratifying thus to observe demand keeping pace with an improved supply, and the effect of their reciprocal operation on society.

In our report of this time twelvemonth, we noticed a magnificent *Magnolia conspicua* in bloom in Malcolm's Nursery, Kensington. That tree is, if possible, still more brilliant this season, and presents such an assemblage of white odoriferous tulips, as is nowhere else to be seen so near London. There is a larger tree now in bloom at Sir Abraham Hume's, at Wormleybury, in Hertfordshire, which is described, and a twig and bloom figured, in the last number of the *Gardener's Magazine*; but that specimen is upwards of thirty miles from London. This magnolia is perfectly hardy, and, whether as a standard or against a wall, forms a remarkably fine contrast with *Pyrus Japonica* and the double yellow whin; these three being in bloom at the same time. One regrets to see, that in the planting of such gardens as are now forming round the Duke of York's house; that adjoining the Duke of Wellington's; and that, also, at the Marquis of Hertford's, in the Regent's Park,—no regard is had for fine trees and shrubs of these kinds; but that use is made of the commonest rubbish which can be found in the nurseries. Let any one look at the yews, laurels, and privets, in the new appropriation at the Duke of Wellington's, and ask himself if that plantation is not a century behind the age? Whether the neglect of these, and hundreds of other beautiful shrubby plants, is owing to the disregard of the employer, or the ignorance, want of taste, and fear of encountering new things, in the employed, is what we have not been able to ascertain: but we suspect the latter; for few indeed are the gardeners who are aware of the riches of our London nurseries, and a gardener is not likely to recommend plants he knows nothing about, and for the growth and thriving of which he is expected to be responsible. We have only to add, that this is the month for shows of auriculars, hyacinths, and tulips.

The gardening operations for April are sowing secondary crops of common culinary vegetables, nursery supplies of most of the brassica tribe, cellery, kidney-beans, red-beet, salsify, scorzonera, and skirret. The main crop of potatoes should be put into the ground by the end of the third week. Fruit-trees

require to be carefully looked after to watch the progress of insects, and destroy them by watering and fumigating on their first appearance. Melons may now be planted out for a full crop. In the flower garden, the main crop of annuals and biennials should be sown, the planting of perennials completed, and the surface dug and raked. Finish pruning and digging in the shrubbery, and attend to gravel walks and grass lawns.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, April 8.—On Wednesday the following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor in Divinity.*—Rev. J. Wilson, Fellow of Trinity College, Grand Compounder.

*Masters of Arts.*—J. Alderson, Magdalen Hall; Rev. S. H. Duntze, Rev. C. W. Eyre, G. Watson, Brasenose College; W. H. M. Roberson, Lincoln College; Rev. T. Stringer, Queen's College; Rev. T. Tyrwhitt, Christ Church.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—W. H. Hughes, Orle College; C. G. F. Vink, Magdalen Hall.

## FINE ARTS.

National Gallery, British Gallery, &c.

THE cultivation of the Fine Arts in this country, and their progressive improvement, must be certain, unless most of the means by which such results are usually obtained should fail amongst us. Great and brilliant things are done for artists; and though all do not (cannot under any circumstances) meet the encouragement they deserve, yet the cases of neglect are now much more rare exceptions to the general rule than heretofore,—and are indeed oftentimes owing to the parties themselves; for it is clear, to our perceptions, that none disregard the interests of the arts and their professors so much as artists. From mistaken ideas of their own abilities and consequence, they, almost from the head to the foot, indulge in an egotism, the propriety of which the world is slow to confess—an egotism ridiculous in mediocrity, and unwise in superior talent; since even the latter ought to be aware, that where the competition is so extended, and the character of the nation is so decidedly that of business concerning every individual, and want of leisure for refined pursuits, it is not derogatory, even to first-rate genius, to employ proper measures for acquiring attention to its works. But much of this right spirit is defeated by individual jealousies in art; and by the gross contempt of the common good which is manifested by such bodies as the Royal Academy, in which every member does his best for his own benefit, and there is not a corporate power of any sort calculated to act for the promotion of the whole. Thus, for example, in a week or two there will be private views of the Exhibition and entertainments given; which will be no more directed to the advancement of our native school than to the delferance of Greece, except in so far as a certain number of privileged persons (being part of that school) are enabled to compliment their private patrons and friends, and thus, by a hoped-for return, benefit the class to which themselves belong. Nor do we blame them for this; it is the natural consequence of their situation; and every A. B. C. and D., &c., who want to sell a bust or a picture, will, of course, do "the civil thing" to the persons whose purse-strings they aim to unloose, though ignorance and vulgarity in the mass, instead of intelligence and taste, are thereby congregated to pass opinions upon the productions of the year. This is not as it should be. If Royal Academicians are condemned by circumstantial rules to selfishness, the Royal Academy, as a body, ought to have other views and wider scope; it ought to spread

a knowledge of the arts by courting a publicity which, if done by individuals, might expose them to envious remark: but, in fact, every man is seen anxious for his own success; and as for prosperity in a national or elevated light, it must depend on accident, or the services of well-wishers among the public, who love the arts for their own sake.

What a contrast to the conduct of all associations of artists, and too much of artists separately, unless where self is concerned, may be observed in those whom we have just designated as well-wishers to the arts for their own sake. We will not take up time by adverting to the noble and wealthy who are found at every new Exhibition purchasing and rewarding productions of merit; nor will we repeat our praise of such munificent patronage as that which has distinguished the life of Sir John Leicester. But we will take for our example the highest that could be adduced—the King himself. It is not by profuse and indiscriminate bounties that a monarch can shew himself to be the true friend of the Fine Arts; it is by taking the course which George the Fourth has taken,—being watchful of rising genius, and prone to encourage it,—judicious in choice, liberal without prodigality, and ever ready to seize opportunities for cultivating the general improvement. From these principles our new National Gallery sprung up, and is already rising into high importance. Stimulated by the example of the Sovereign, it is now enriched with the patriotic gift of twenty-one pictures by Sir George Beaumont.\* Among these are several Claudes of exquisite beauty, a superb Rembrandt, Wilkie's Blind Fiddler, capital theatrical pieces by Zoffany, a fine Landscape by Both, and other works of great value and celebrity. Mr. Zachary has also handsomely presented to the Gallery a delightful Laughing Boy by Murillo; and we are sure that such examples will be followed, till, in a very few years, this collection will become one of the foremost in the world. We say nothing of the acquisitions recently made by purchase, because, though we cannot but approve of them as component parts of such an institution, we are unfortunate enough not to prize them intrinsically at so exalted a pitch as many connoisseurs and better judges than ourselves. Their undoubted authenticity is to us their greatest recommendation, though there are parts in them which art never surpassed.

At the British Gallery, after the present exhibition closes (in about a fortnight), his Majesty gives another gratifying proof of his love for the arts, and of his ardent desire to improve them in England, by displaying the greatest works to be studied by rising talent, and to spread a taste for excellence among the people. All the royal collection which so splendidly adorns Carlton Palace is to be publicly exhibited here; and a richer treat has seldom been promised than this must afford, as the pictures are very various in style, and many of them *chefs-d'œuvre* of distinguished masters.

#### Society of British Artists.

THE Exhibitions of the Royal Academy have never prominently promoted the immediate sale of works of art; and this deficiency, in part supplied by the British Institution, has been further remedied by the formation of the Society of British Artists, and their annual display of productions well meriting public attention and encouragement. To our first general

\* We believe it will be shut next week, in order to have this noble addition hung up:—we have seen most of the pictures as they were unpacked.—Ed.

notice, therefore, we shall proceed to add the detail of some of the performances in the present collection.

No. 193. *Manfred; a lower Valley in the Alps*, &c. J. Martin.—The flights of this artist's pencil, as we have before had occasion to observe, are so full of the imaginative and the poetical in art, as hardly to be amenable to the laws of criticism by which ordinary things and subjects are to be judged. Mr. Martin labours under another disadvantage, to which though every artist is more or less subject, yet it attaches with peculiar force to him; we allude to that of having comparisons instituted between present and preceding works, and being expected to be more extraordinary in every succeeding production. This unreasonable criterion applied to Mr. Martin's *Manfred*, would only, with justice to his merits, prove that it did not equal some of his former pictures; but could not take away from it the bold effusion of its fancy, or the elevated spirit which it breathes. In those pieces, however, which the artist calls *Studies from Nature* (Nos. 57-65), the case is quite different. Here is nothing of nature—but merely unnatural forms: studies include colour and detail, such as are found in portrait, in still life, and, indeed, in every object coming under the denomination of "Studies;" and the term is misapplied to wild and exaggerated exceptions.

No. 94. *Sheffield, from the Road leading to Norton*. T. C. Hoffland.—The importance of the town of Sheffield in a commercial point of view, will be readily admitted; nor will its graphic character, with the beauties of the surrounding scenery, be less an object of interest to the lovers of the Fine Arts. This landscape, and its companion, (No. 34) are in the best style of the artist, and every way calculated to be made subjects (as is proposed) for engraved prints. Among the other specimens of Mr. Hoffland's pencil, the little moonlight, No. 68, *Kirkstall Abbey*, is a sweet and natural production.

No. 176. *The Intrusive Visitor*. E. Landseer.—There might be a great many guesses made by those who did not see this picture, who the intrusive visitor could be; but artists are fond of the whimsical in many of their titles. A serpent interfering while a lion is making his meal off a stag, is a subject well suited to the genius of Mr. Landseer; and he has given the snarl of the one, and the defiance of the other, with his usual success. The action is grand and appropriate; though we think the background, as well as the animals, has rather a metallic appearance in the touch and pencilling.

No. 187. *Two Pointers in a Turnip Field*, by the same.—There is no field in or out of heraldry in which these dogs would be seen to more advantage than where they are placed; and we doubt not but the correctness of character in which they are drawn will be sufficiently appreciated by every true sportsman, to whose notice we hardly need recommend them. They are life itself; and we feel, in looking at them, that if we advance three paces the birds will spring.

No. 60. *An Interior, Dead Game*, &c. B. Blake.—There are few subjects that are more approved by the general eye than pictures of this common class, nor have the objects of which they consist been detailed with greater skill than is displayed in this Exhibition. In the performance under notice there are parts which, in our judgment, cannot be exceeded for accuracy and finish; but we must say, that as a whole the composition is inferior to some of this artist's former cabinet pictures. His

figures do not keep pace with the skilful representation of the inanimate objects by which they are surrounded: they scatter and divide the effect, without giving any thing in return. But if Mr. Blake has not been entirely successful in this Interior, he has amply made amends in his *Gold Fish and Game*, No. 295.

No. 153. *The Rue du Change at Rouen*, D. Roberts.—It is sufficient to take up any one of this artist's performances as a sample of excellence and skill almost peculiarly his own; and it was hardly necessary for him, in the present instance, to call in the aid of any other quality beyond what the picturesque character of the buildings afforded. He has, however, introduced a partial effect of light, we think, at the expense of aerial perspective; the atmosphere mingles too much with the objects from which it should be relieved.

No. 391. *A Scene in Don Quixotte*. R. B. Davis.—The never-failing mirth excited by the reading of *Don Quixotte* has been more productive of subjects for the pencil than almost all other novels put together. The brilliant contrasts of scene and character give the artist a fair opportunity for displaying his talents, but more especially in the comic of art. At the same time, the number of successful illustrations by Coypel, Hayman, Stothard, and Leslie, from this work, make the task more difficult. Mr. Davis has, however, given us a very lively and animated picture from the passage quoted in the catalogue, and chosen one of the most whimsical situations in which the knight could possibly appear. The colouring is lively, and well suited to the subject.

No. 303. *Meeting of Sir Kenneth and the Soldan*. By the same.—In this the wariness of the knight and the agile promptness of the soldan are apparent; but the design is altogether poor and inexpressive. All that can be said in excuse is, that it is a difficult subject to treat; and imagination has been so wrought on by the Diamond of the Desert, that it is hardly fair to expect from any pictorial display of the scene a representation equal to what the author has conjured up in our minds. The incident of the skeleton on the sand is well thrown in; but the vastness of the Desert is not there.

No. 473. *Going to the Tournament*, &c. A. S. Henning.—Among the clever drawings, this subject, from Ivanhoe, by Mr. Henning, is a very striking and pleasing feature. Its *dramatis personæ* and accompaniments associate our ideas with the chivalrous pomp belonging to the times; and the artist has been very fortunate in the contrast and arrangement of a procession (one of the problems in art the least easy to delineate with effect); nor has he been deficient in identifying some of the principal characters of the novel.

#### Benvenuti Cellini.

WE were lately invited by Mr. Lewis, of St. James's Street, to examine twelve very curious silver ornaments (apparently for the table) by this celebrated Italian artist, and representing the histories and triumphs of the twelve Roman Cæsars. The subjects are chased in compartments within a circular patera-like form, and if the style of workmanship does not reach that of the finished intagliogens of antiquity, it certainly is equal to that of most of the cameos. The number of the figures, their minuteness, and the accuracy of their drawing, are truly astonishing. But every thing from the hand of this enthusiastic genius is extraordinary. Those who read the life of Cellini without having seen his works, would consider him to have been a most egregious egotist; while those who have



seen his marvellous productions will probably confess that his boast of them fell short of their merits.

These magnificent Tazza's are striking examples of this. In the centre of each is a statue of the Emperor (about six inches in height, and most likely, from the poor execution, to be a fancied improvement of later years,) the principal actions of whose life form the story told by the basso-relievos on the disk of the vessel below. Without seeing these, an account of the multitude of events which they commemorate, and of the way in which it is done, would be deemed incredible. Triumphs of every kind, battles by land and sea, the costumes of many nations, the method of drawing up every description of warlike force,—phalanxes, light troops, cavalry, sieges and defences;—besides civil representations, temples, the architecture of the age and country, &c. &c. embrace so vast a number of subjects, and are treated so elaborately, as to offer a boundless field for observation and study.

The history of these unique pieces of workmanship and art is, that they were executed by Cellini about the year 1560, for the celebrated Cardinal Aldobrandini, afterwards Clement VIII. (whose arms are introduced on several small spaces of the chasing), and passed into the family of Borghese, his successors. Till 1792 they continued to be reckoned among the chief ornaments of the Aldobrandini palace; and then only escaped the rapacity of the French invaders by being carried off and buried. Somehow or other they afterwards became the property of one Dominichi, who was steward to the family at this perilous period; at whose death they were sold into England, where they now are, while the money paid for them is devoted to charities and masses, &c. for the good of the soul of their last possessor.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### RICHES, PLEASURE, AND GLORY.

O HASTE not to the gilded shrine,  
Where Fortune throws her favours round!  
Let nobler views thy soul incline  
To turn where brighter honours shine,  
And truer wealth is found.

O seek not for the rosy bower,  
Where Pleasure fills the sparkling bowl!  
O yield not to her witching power—  
For when she gives her richest dower,  
She chains the captive soul.

And think not yonder brilliant scene,  
Illumed by Hope, all meant for thee:  
The darkest clouds will intervene,  
And Grief appear where Joy has been,  
And frowning Misery.

Tempt not the wild and steep ascent,  
Where proud Ambition waves her plume,  
There Guilt may sow, or Care torment,  
Repentance raise the vain lament,  
And Malice seal thy doom.

O do not think that Glory's crest,  
Though bright it shines, brings nought of  
care!

Bliss never builds its halcyon nest  
On wild Ambition's stormy breast,  
Nor sheds its radiance there.

Then what is all that mortals deem  
Enchanting, lovely, bright, or dear?  
Life's gayest space is Fancy's dream—  
Its brightest glance a fading beam,  
Dissolving in a tear,

All things on earth must change or die:

That beautiful but drooping flower,  
In beauty's fairest, freshest dye,  
When morning opened met the eye,  
But faded in an hour.

Still cruel Disappointment tries

To stab young Hope when up she springs;

Or if, indeed, too high she flies,

She bids her blackest clouds arise,

And round her tempest flings.

O Life is but a winter scene!—

A thorny, wild, and toilsome way,

With some sweet spots of cheering green,

Or sunny hours that intervene,

To break the clouds away.

But never were the trifles here

Designed to satisfy the mind;

The spirit, in its high career,

Is fashion'd for a nobler sphere,

And will not be confined.

ELIZA.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

### IRISH SKETCHES.

No. I.—*Simon's First Wife. A true Legend.*

"THE poor soul," says he, (for I use his own expressions through the entire story,) "was a good soul; no better, I assure you, Mrs. W., and she was a long time ailing—a very long time indeed for me; for you know, as well as I can tell you, what an expense a sick wife is to a working man like me. She was exactly five months, three weeks, and four days lying down, very, very bad; and, God between us and all harm!" crossing himself, "I often wished her either one way or the other. Well, sir, my poor woman was growing worse and worse every day, till we were, at long and last, advised to consult Dr. Y—; and sure enough the medicines he ordered for her were working a perfect charm on her disorder, for in a short time she was able to be stirring about, and minding her little affairs. When, lo, and behold you! one morning who should walk into us but Judy Mulligan, after saying mass—for 'twas a Sunday. 'God save you, Kit,' says she to my woman, 'I hope you are a *dale* better?'—'Indeed I am not,' says Kit; and *certainly* she looked very bad after the night. 'I thought,' says Judy, 'that the medicines Dr. Y— gave you were curing you.'—'Oh! don't say the never a word more about them,' says Kit; 'for if I ever takes them again may I be saved: for I had the most terrible sights last night of the *good people* that, God save us! I could not even stir my lips to say my beads.'—'But,' says Judy, 'cutting her short in her story, 'what have the *good people* (for she was a profound believer in them) to do with the likes of you, or any other sickly body. Sure they never comes near them but to cure them and carry away their disorder.'—'I don't know that,' says Kit; 'but I often and often sees 'em playing about my bed before Simon (coming to me) comes in from his work.'—'Well,' says Mrs. Mulligan, 'if that is the case, they are surely coming to cure you of your disorder, or to take care of your soul.'—'Tis the last story, I believe,' says Kit, fetching a deep sigh. Well, sir, after having some chat about their neighbours' doings, Mrs. Mulligan got tired, and made the best of her way home. Well, sir, as my woman and I were sitting after supper quietly before our little bed-room fire, (and, saving our circumstances, 'twas not a bad one either,) when, says she, 'Simon, what's that coming into the room?' I looked, and looked, and couldn't see any body: 'There's no one,' says

I, 'Kit.'—'But I'm sure there is,' says she; 'I saw him just now: get up and try is not the *bolt* opened.' I did so immediately, to quiet the poor woman's mind; but sure, sir, the door was bolted as firm as the Rock of Cashel. 'My dear,' says I, 'nobody could come in, for the door is as fast as when I bolted it.' Then, clasping her hands, she screamed out, 'Tis all over with me! I'm gone! I thought I might have got over this fit of sickness, but now I'm sure I'm a gone woman.'—'That's all foolish talk,' says I; 'come to bed, and you'll forget it, I'll engage.' So we went to bed, and I soon fell fast asleep, sir, being very tired after my day's work; but in the morning she told me she did not sleep one wink the live-long night, and that she was much worse, and again cried out, 'I'm gone! I'm gone! come down, Simon, with me to the lower room; I want to get a napkin out of my box.' So I gave her my arm, and she took a firm grip of it, and so we went together to the lower room, where she opened the box and said she could not see the napkin, though she looked a long time for it, and though she left it on the top of the things in the box. There it was sure enough, for I was looking at it all the time, but never a word said I for fear; at last, when she was going away without it, I said, 'Is this it, Kit?' 'Tis,' says she, and putting it on her, (without making any remark about it,) we went up stairs, and she went to bed immediately, and desired me to go and buy her a pair of *white walking gloves and stockings*. I laughed at her; when she said, 'I might do so much for her, at least to see her decently buried. So to humour her, I went and got them for her; though at the same time, before my God, I had as much notion of being at the *wake* as the man of the moon. So when I gave them to her, she made me go for a *gossip* to make her a *shroud*, who came by way of pleasing her, not wishing to fall out with her; and having made it according to her own directions, she immediately put it on, as also the gloves and stockings; and that very same night, God between us and all harm! my good woman died.

"N.B. I could not get her to tell me who came into the room: the only answer I could get from her was,—that it was a relative long since dead.

"LAMP."

"Cove, March 31st, 1826."

### MUSIC:—CONCERTS.

MR. MOSCHELES'S concert, on the 7th, was very numerous and fashionably attended, and must have produced him a handsome benefit. With the exception of Mad. Bonini, all the principal performers promised in the bills actually made their appearance, and thus the concert proved one of the most satisfactory that we have lately been in the habit of witnessing in this respect. The chances are generally that two out of three first-rate, or self-fancied first-rate, singers (agreeably to the present system) do not attend, but dismiss with an apology a room or a theatre full of company, who have paid their money to hear them. We never heard Moscheles to greater advantage; it seemed as if, not satisfied with having reached the highest pitch in execution and in bravura, he now strove to be also foremost as a player of feeling. The fantasia, *Recollections of Ireland*, one of his happiest compositions, he played in a manner than which it is hardly possible to conceive any thing more finished.

The second Royal Academic concert, on Monday last, presented no particular novelty; for even Veluti's false singing is now so habitual

with him, that it can no longer be called new. A duet for two violins, played by two pupils of the Academy, Blagrove and Hawkes, in a truly excellent style, was perhaps the most interesting part of the entertainment. The vocal pieces again exceeded the instrumental by three to one. Mad. De Vigo, who made her first appearance in this country here, might have chosen something less hackneyed than the *Di Tanti Palpiti*, by Rossini.

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday a new and superb ballet, *La Naissance de Venus*, was produced at this theatre with distinguished success. It does honour to D'Egville's invention and classical taste; and was extremely well performed, with brilliant scenery and characteristic music. The sea-born goddess rises from the foam, and is received among the immortals. By a slight anachronism, her son Cupid takes a part in the scene before she is married to Vulcan, or prefers Mars. The groupings, however, are extremely beautiful; and the dancing and attitudes express as much of sentiment as legs and arms and gestures can by possibility express. The piece was received with universal and immense applause, and bids fair to be long an ornament to the stage.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

##### Weber's Music: *Oberon*.

THE German school since the days of Mozart has been celebrated for fullness and variety. The problem towards the solution of which all its efforts seem to have been directed, is this: "How to combine successfully the greatest variety of characteristic melody with all the richness of the modern inventions in harmony." Mozart first taught them to suit the music to the action, to copy the feeling closely, to speculate upon musical effects; and it must be confessed that his disciples have been wonderfully successful. Let any one who understands both compare the *Don Giovanni* with the *Freischütz*. They are works, if we may use the phrase, composed *in pari materia*. They both mingle with the spiritual world; the sublime and the terrific are predominant in both. But the subject of the *Freischütz* deals more largely with supernatural agencies; hence the music, rising to the acme of sublimity and horror, brings into play all the resources of the chromatic art: the minor key predominates (the Italians use it more rarely), sudden discords, precipitate resolutions, alternating calms and storms of musical effect—all unite to express the variety and sudden changes of the passion, the intensity of the interests at stake (the salvation or destruction of soul and body), and the mysterious and malignant character of the being through whose immediate influence the catastrophe is to be produced. The subject of the *Don Giovanni* was lighter; the hero was rather a joyous and unprincipled than a malignant being, and the spiritual agency was more simple and less terrific. Hence the *Don Giovanni* is the more pleasing, the *Freischütz* the more affecting of the two. There is a greater uniformity in the character

of the latter, so much so as to induce a doubt whether Weber has that command of melody which spreads so unspeakable a charm over the works of Mozart; but even were it so, we do not venture too much in saying that he is the more learned musician. But here the comparison between these masters Weber and Rossini stops. Originality is the great quality of Weber's music: he is full of new musical resources, and contrives, with great skill, to unite opposite and apparently contradictory effects in the same movement. Let any one study attentively the superb duet between the heroine and her cousin in the commencement of the second act; the former depressed by anxiety and apprehension; the other full of hope and joyous anticipation. Who would believe in the combination of sounds capable of conveying a sense and feeling of both states of mind at the same time? Yet you can scarcely imagine success more perfect. You may fearlessly lay your finger upon this duet as the most perfect effort of its kind since the days of Mozart. But if Weber is original, he is laboriously original; and this, in our humble opinion, is the fault of his school. We question whether the practiced ears of Germany can as yet fully comprehend the intricacy of his harmonies, or fully relish the rapidity and abruptness of his transitions. How, then, are we to account for the applause he has met with in this country? The truth is, the general effect is distinct enough; musical expression may be indistinct in detail, provided it hit the feeling. Matter-of-fact men may laugh, but music is a descriptive art—descriptive far beyond the limit which these unlearned gentry prescribe to it; for an English audience can feel it; they can listen and not understand—they can admire and relish without comprehending. There is not a situation in the *Freischütz* or *Oberon* to which the music is not auxiliary; it follows the interest of the story in each, and expresses, with surprising accuracy, every change in feeling and incident: in short, it is descriptive in the highest degree.

It has been well remarked, that Weber's music approaches to the character of church-music; and so it ought: superstition resembles religion in being one of the most powerful excitors of musical sentiment. All great musicians have been religious men, and they have shone most wherever these feelings have been called into action. The modern Italian school, almost without exception, evinces none of this: Rossini is a worldling (as our pious friends would call him) all over; hence the total absence of the serious and sublime in his works; he writes good comedies: the tragedy of music must be abandoned to the Germans.—But to revert to Weber.

Something like monotony is occasionally produced by the extended use of the minor key. It produces a mournfulness of spirit in the hearer, which, beyond a certain limit, degenerates into lassitude, and terminates in inattention or even weariness. The minor in music has always appeared to us (excuse the homeliness of the illustration) very much like spices or seasonings in cookery—to be used with moderation. The general current of human sensations must, by the common consent of all musicians in all ages, be expressed in the major. As a medium of transition, as a relief, as a mode of expressing certain peculiar affections of the mind—for instance, grief, sadness, and terror—the minor is invaluable. But if we look through the productions of Weber, we might almost say that the groundwork is in the minor. This is an inversion of the natural order, and

can only be tolerated in works of peculiar character, where the feelings and situations and passions are all extraordinary, all out of the ordinary channel in which human concerns and interests generally flow.

Another characteristic in Weber's compositions occurs to us. This is the sparingness of repetition throughout his operas. He is like an author who will not condescend to explanation, trusting to the distinctness with which his conceptions proceed from his own brain. Mozart was a great explainer; his repetitions are frequent; he delights to place them in new lights, to look at them under different forms, to play at hide and seek with them: thus his hearers became rapidly familiar with them, and yet, on every fresh occasion, find something new to admire. Weber has adopted another course. He does not desire to be known too suddenly. He is a person whose friendship must be assiduously cultivated. But really the best musicians have been hitherto such easy, good sort of people, that we cannot at once submit to so haughty a demand as this. Others admit us into their confidence at once; he has no objection to a first-sight acquaintance, and holds forth a good thing or two by way of incitement; but no familiarity till the third or fourth visit. Thus his *Oberon* will confirm the intimacy and liking which grew up in the breast of John Bull in respect to the *Freischütz*; in the latter of which, a sprightly and elegant air or two indicated the possession of powers different from those on which we have been animadverting, such as the *Züger* chorus, the drinking song, and one or two other beautiful specimens of the lively style. [So much for general remarks.]

The former long looked-for opera—for which Weber was employed to compose the whole of the music—was performed for the first time on Wednesday evening. The expectations of the musical world—of that portion of society, indeed, which may now be considered as best entitled to the names of fashionable and enlightened—had been raised to an extraordinary pitch; and it gives us pleasure to announce, that the composer has truly kept "the word of promise to the ear," and that, as far as we could observe, the hopes of the public, sanguine as they were, have not been disappointed. In *Oberon* we find a striking similarity to the *Freischütz*, and other operas from the same hand; but, at the same time, Weber cannot be called a copier of himself, as these points of resemblance are blended with infinite changes, and placed in a number of new and striking situations. To a mind constituted like his—a mind that appears to delight in the wild and preternatural—the subject of the drama has of course been of great advantage. Had he searched through the whole poetic region he could not have selected one better adapted to the display of his peculiar genius. It contains descriptions of air, of earth, and heaven—the enchantments of Fairy Land—the ardour of chivalry—the tenderness of passion—the dangers of the sea—and, above all, the magic powers of the ivory horn; and this variety, which would have paralysed an ordinary man, has only roused him to commensurate exertion, and afforded him a field for the more ample display of "the glory of his art." The overture is grand and powerful, and, what all overtures ought to be, a prologue descriptive of the "swelling scenes" that are to follow. The music illustrating the actions of the fairy court is particularly light and pleasing; that which is intrusted to the heroine delightfully impassioned; the hero's

\* It is not generally known, that the public is indebted for the introduction of Weber's music into this country to Mr. Brockeson, the artist, who, being struck with the beauty of some of it which he heard while travelling on the Continent, brought it over, and made Mr. Arnold acquainted with its merits. The score of *Der Freischütz* was subsequently obtained, and the opera was brought out at the English Opera House in that superior style which at once stamped it with popularity.

part chivalrous and noble; and that appropriated to the spirits of the storm wild and oracular. The pieces which appeared to give the greatest satisfaction, were a song in the first act by Miss Paton, and a grand scena in the second; a recitative and martial air by Mr. Braham, also in the first act, and a short invocation in the second; a quartetto, by Braham, Isaacs, Miss Paton, and Madame Vestris; a chorus by the spirits of the storm, preparatory to the shipwreck; the concerted piece at the conclusion of the first act; and the grand finale,—all of which were enthusiastically received, and rewarded with immense applause.

That which may be called more particularly the dramatic part of the entertainment is from the pen of Mr. Planché. He has followed very faithfully the chief incidents of Mr. Sotheby's poem, and we merely do him justice when we affirm that it is highly creditable to his talents. The dialogue, if not very powerfully written, is at all events free from affectation; whilst the lyrical compositions are deserving of the title, and are really of a very superior order. Now and then, indeed, a strong likeness may be traced to some of the lines of "Rare Ben Jonson," and other worthies of a distant age; but this in a young author, is not only excusable, but praiseworthy. Songs written for the stage have been too long notorious for their want of sense and metre, and we consequently hail an attempt to engraft poetry and meaning upon music, as an approach to a consummation most devoutly to be wished. The performers may likewise claim their share of credit for the general success. Miss Paton, who was fortunately quite recovered from the awkward accident she had met with on the preceding night, was in fine voice, and displayed her accustomed brilliancy and spirit in the execution of the most difficult passages: her first air is remarkably pleasing, and her grand scena—describing the ocean after a storm, and the shipwreck, the setting sun, and the approach of a strange vessel—was given in her very best style. Madame Vestris has a lively little character, with two good songs, and, as usual, is arch and pleasant both in her acting and her singing; whilst the echnation produced by the enchanted horn, in the last scene but one, is of so hearty a description as to cause the whole of the audience to follow her example. Braham, as *Sir Huon*, has not so much to do as might have been expected; but his decided superiority as a musician and stage-singer was never more strikingly apparent; his whole performance was as near perfection as possible. Miss Cawse, we are sorry to see, does not gain ground, one of the effects probably of her being brought out at too tender an age. Mr. Bland's style of singing is by no means adapted to the Fairy King. We recollect with pleasure having seen Mr. Duruset in Shakspeare's *Oberon*, and we are quite sure that he would have been much more at home in this part, and given more general satisfaction than its present representative. The scenery and dresses are splendid in the extreme, and the machinery is excellent. The mechanical part of the sea view, in the second act, representing the reflexion of the setting sun upon the water, surpasses any thing of the sort before exhibited. The getting up of the opera alone must have cost a large sum; but, notwithstanding the expense incurred, we are much mistaken, if it does not only repay the cost and labour bestowed upon it, but make ample amends for the failure of the pantomime and other misfortunes. The overture, and many other parts of the music, were rapturously

encored; and at the end, Mr. Weber appeared to receive and acknowledge the congratulations of his friends.—We subjoin the following, as a fair and impartially chosen specimen of the songs.

*First Sea Nymph.*

"O 'tis pleasant to float on the sea,  
When the wearied waves in a deep sleep be!  
And the last faint light of the sun hath fled,  
And the stars are mustering over head,  
And the night-breeze comes with its breath so bland,  
Laden with sweets from the distant land!  
O 'tis pleasant to float and sing,  
While ever our dripping locks we wring!

*Second Sea Nymph.*

"O 'tis pleasant to float on the sea,  
When nothing stirs on its breast but we!  
The warden leans, at the twilight hour,  
Over the wall of his time-worn tow'r,  
And sighs himself, and mutters a pray'r,  
Then listens again to the witching air!  
O 'tis pleasant to float and sing,  
While ever our dripping locks we wring!

*Drury Lane.*—On Monday night Mr. Macready returned to his engagements in the metropolis, and performed *Macbeth* to a full and highly gratified audience. His reception, and the applause which attended him throughout, were such as his eminent talents justly entitled him to obtain from a discriminating public, which has seldom, now-a-days, an opportunity of witnessing a sterling play and a truly great actor.

The Royalty Theatre was burnt to the ground very early on Tuesday morning. It has not for many years attracted much dramatic notice beyond the quarter of the town where it stood—near Goodman's Fields. In former times it was more famous; and not only introduced several highly popular favourites to the stage, but produced some clever pieces, acted by performers of the foremost rank.

The Haymarket opens on Monday with Liston in *Paul Pry*—a single sufficient attraction. A fair company, including Farren, is announced as having been engaged for the season.

### VARIETIES.

*M. Denon's Cabinet.*—The sale of M. Denon's cabinet will take place at Paris on the 1st of May. Collected by M. Denon himself, it contains an extraordinary variety of the most rare and valuable articles of all descriptions, derived from all the various countries of the world. To give some idea of the extent of this rich and curious collection, it will be sufficient to state, that the catalogue, which is now in the press, will form three octavo volumes; each edited by a committee of artists and scientific persons.—*French Journals.*

*The last moments of David.*—David died at Brussels, on the 29th of December, 1825, at a quarter after ten o'clock in the morning. On the 19th he went to the theatre to see Tartuffe, and remained during the whole performance. This imprudence was fatal. From that moment his disorder triumphed. He was almost always delirious; but whether in possession or not of his faculties, his conversation, his gestures, his motions, all related to the arts. One of his pupils, an eminent painter, called to see him two days before his death. David gave him some advice respecting a picture he was about. The energy with which he made his observations fatigued him, and his voice became so feeble that he found it impossible to speak any longer; but he continued to express, by the position of his body and by the movement of his hands, his opinion with regard to one of the figures in the picture. On the day after, a proof was brought to him

of the engraving after his *Leonidas*, by M. Laugier. This roused him from a kind of lethargy into which he had sunk. "It is well," he remarked; "bring it nearer to me, for my sight is already so weak!" After having examined it, he ordered it to be pinned against a wall opposite to him, and his arm-chair to be wheeled towards it. Then, rallying the little strength which he retained, he pointed out, with the end of his stick, the parts which he thought deserving of remark. Gradually he became animated; his criticisms were very important, and full of taste; he resorted to the lively and picturesque expressions of all men of genius, who speak of an art in which they excel; and even asked for a crayon, in order to touch several figures which he thought the graver had not sufficiently kept down. His friends and his children entreated him to tire himself no more on the subject, but to take some rest. He yielded to their wishes, and from that moment he never spoke. His funeral was celebrated with great pomp, and was attended by a crowd of the most eminent men in Brussels, and by deputations from Ghent, Bruges, and other towns. David's pencils and palette were laid on the coffin, as well as his costume as a member of the Institute, and his cross of the Legion of Honour.—*French Journal.*

*Steam Navigation.*—The grand experiment of a voyage to India has been happily accomplished, by the arrival of the *Enterprise* at Calcutta in the first week of December. The voyage, however, occupied about 115 days.

*Hayti.*—The President of Hayti, for the purpose of diffusing public instruction, has founded a national library at Port-au-Prince.

*Paintings.*—Yesterday and to-day a fine collection of pictures has changed and is to change hands at Phillips's: the most eminent were part of Lord Berwick's gallery, but others of great masters made up the sale to a very unusual number. Among these we observed Guido, Murillo, Rubens, and many fine works, though belonging to names less celebrated. Altogether one of the most valuable collections submitted to the hammer of late years.

*Egyptian Antiquities.*—The Emperor of Austria has purchased the extensive collection of Egyptian antiquities, which we have frequently mentioned as having been landed at Leghorn. It consists of papyri, a grand sarcophagus, inscriptions, frescoes, &c., and is worthy of its imperial purchaser, who has, in his subject Von Hammer, a scholar as well able to investigate these remarkable remains of ancient times as any man of the present age.

*The late Wilson Lowry.*—The amateur and collector of prints will, we observe from one of our advertisements, have an opportunity of adding some choice subjects to his library and portfolio, on Monday next, as the collection of this eminent engraver will then come to the hammer. It was well known to his professional friends, that Mr. Lowry was a liberal collector of the graphic works of his compeers. His prints are almost entirely of the choicest impressions—many of them proofs in various states; added to which, he possessed some specimen of the talents of every contemporary painter in water colours—most of which, we believe, will be included in the sale.

The *Boa Constrictor*, it appears, from recent experiments made in India, casts its first skin on the fourteenth day after it is hatched from the egg, which is about the size of that of a goose, and soft. The serpent is at first about eighteen inches in length, and grows rapidly.



**Gigantic Monkey.**—An account of an Orang Outang, caught on the north coast of Sumatra, by a party of seamen from a merchant vessel, was lately read to the Asiatic Society by Dr. Abel Clarke. This creature was above seven feet high, and did not fall till it had received seven gun shots. After the fifth shot, it climbed a tree, and rested against the boughs, vomiting blood, and apparently in great pain. It walked and looked wonderfully like a human being; had a fine expression of countenance, and a handsome beard. The details of its death are rendered painful by these circumstances:—the agony of its expression so like to man, its piteous moaning and tenacity of life, its always placing its hand on the parts wounded, and other particulars related—make us feel rather as if we were reading of a murder than of the capture of a brute animal.

**New kind of Fodder.**—Mr. Moorcroft, who is rendering so much service to science by his travels in Higher Asia, has transmitted to the East India Company the seeds of a foddering plant, indigenous in Braz, on the borders of India and China. It is called *prangos*, and approaches to the genus *cachrys*. The acquisition of this plant is of great importance, if one can believe half the wonders that are told of it by the Hindoos. It seems at least certain that it affords excellent nourishment for cattle; and that it requires little care to propagate it. It fattens flocks of sheep in a very short time; and, it is said, cures the hepatic flux, and the rot, which are so fatal after the autumnal rains. It is a herbageous, perennial plant, of the umbelliferous family.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The following are the subjects discussed in the forthcoming number of the *Edinburgh Review*:—Banking System of England; Waterton's Wanderings in South America, &c. &c.; the London University; State of the Timber Trade; Duties on Timber; Irish Novels; the Hindu-Chinese Nations; Granby; Colonial Slavery; Scotch Estates; Civil Affairs of Ireland; Canova; Italian Sculpture, &c. &c.

A novel, affirmed to be from the pen of a noble author, is in the press, entitled *Alla Giornata, or To the Day*; the scene of which is laid in Italy.

**Archæology.**—During his residence at Rome, M. Champollion, jun. edited a catalogue of the Egyptian Manuscripts in the Vatican. His work was translated into Italian by M. Angelo Mai; and, having been printed by order of the pope, has just made its appearance, under the title of "Catalogo de' Papiri Egiziani della Biblioteca Vaticana, etc. Roma, col tipi Vaticani." M. Mai has added some exceedingly interesting notes to the text of the original; and it is greatly to be desired that similar catalogues should be drawn up of all the collections of Egyptian manuscripts. They would be highly conducive to the advancement of Egyptian archaeology; a subject which occupies a great portion of the attention of the most eminent men of learning of the present day.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Wilson's (W. Rae) *Travels in Norway*, &c. 8vo., with plates, 12. 1s. bds.—*Reece on Costiveness*, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Mihman's *Anne Boleyn*, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—*Spence on the Laws and Institutions of Europe*, 8vo. 15s. bds.—*Miriam, a Jewish Tale*, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Constance, a moral Tale*, 12mo. 4s. bds.—*Noel's (Hon. G. T.) Sermons*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*James's Naval History*, 6 vols. 8vo. with maps, new edition, 4. 10s. bds.—*Petronej and Davenport's Italian, French, and English Dictionary*, 3 vols. in 2, 8vo. 24. 10s. bds.: vol. 3 separate, 14s. bds.—*Osborne's Oberon*, new edition, 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Reinle's New Supplement to the Pharmacopœia*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Jackson's Remarks on the Valdois*, 12mo. 7s. bds.—*Spurzheim on the Anatomy of the Brain*, 8vo. 14s. bds.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the length to which our dramatic article has this week stretched, we have again been reluctantly obliged to postpone our Medical Report (on spring disorders), Paul Pry's third letter, and other articles printed for immediate insertion.

We will endeavour in our next to find further room for some of the surplus of advertisements.

We are really unable to advise the author of *Dartmoor* on the points touching which he has paid us the compliment to ask our advice. If merit can insure success, he need be under no apprehensions respecting the speedy sale of that work which of his first edition; and the eligibility of a second with alterations will be best arranged with a

publisher. No further expense of plates is necessary: the poem itself has beauty enough to lead the writer to comfort, as soon as it is generally known; to which result we are happy in having contributed.

We love *Læconicus* so much that we cannot resist his Confidence.

O Jessy! my dear, be of good cheer,  
For though the wind howls, yet think I am near;  
O cease then your fears! for no harm shall betide thee,  
Nor ill shall assail thee whilst I am beside thee.

Then think, O my Jessy! of nothing but me,  
For whilst I've an arm, it shall surely protect thee;  
Then rely upon me, my lassie so bright,  
Nor let not my love vain terrors affright.

The request of W. K. of Edinburgh, is contrary to the most essential principle on which the notices of new works in the *Literary Gazette* are regulated. The publication may be very good; but we will judge for ourselves. M. cannot be inserted: the style of composition is faulty.

Have not seen the *Edinburgh Atlas*: therefore suppose it not worth seeing.

J. R.'s wish with regard to Pickersgill's fine portrait of L.E.L. (to which a name was, not judiciously, given in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy) may perhaps be gratified hereafter. At present, all we can say is, that the desire to engrave it has been negatived by the party whose feelings are most interested.

We must, as we are occasionally obliged, remind correspondents, that we cannot insert anonymous announcements.

**ERRATUM.**—In the last Literary Notice, *Literary Gazette* of Saturday the 8th, line 9, for of read with.

\* This is a fair sample of a thousand poems received between Saturday and Saturday. Who would not be an Editor!

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

**THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION**  
and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS,  
including the celebrated picture "Christ Crowned with Thorns," by WILLIAM HILTON, R.A. purchased by the Directors, is Open daily, from Ten in the Morning, until Five in the Evening.

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WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

**THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION**  
of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, is now Open, from Eight o'clock in the Morning until dusk.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
T. C. HUPLAND, Secretary.

**THE QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL**  
REVIEW, and ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD, No. VI.  
is published this day, price 6s.

Printed for T. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

**THE BATHS of BAGNOLE**, with Three  
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Poetic Fragments, 12mo. price 5s. boards.

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London: C. F. Cock, 64, Paternoster Row.

**NAPOLEON.** The Nobility and Gentry  
are respectfully informed that the under-mentioned Articles, appertaining to the late French Emperor, have been recently consigned to the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, for Sale. Persons desirous of possessing some Memorial of that distinguished character, will find the present a favourable opportunity for gratifying their wishes in this respect.

Napoleon's Bed, with the richly embroidered Coverlet and Furniture, from St. Cloud. A Suite of Four superbly carved and gilt Chairs, with Settees, from the same. Models of various interesting Scenes, viz.: The Birth-place of William Tell. A Farm in Normandy. View in the Pyrenees. Scene on the Borders of the Cher, &c. &c. executed for the Empress Josephine, from Malmaison. A splendid Colonial marble Bust of Napoleon in his coronation Costume, most delicately and elaborately finished, under the immediate direction of Canova.

\* Inquire for Mr. Clarke.

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A line addressed to N. G., at Mrs. Leighton and Son's, Richmond Terrace, Clerkenwell, will be immediately attended to.

**THE LATE WILSON LOWRY.** On

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**THE BRAZEN HEAD** has to apologise to

the Public for his inconsiderations not appearing, as announced, on the 11th instant. The "Head" had to encounter some unforeseen technical difficulties in completing his arrangements; and he has determined to be arduous at longer intervals than he originally contemplated, but to discourse at greater length.

The Brazen Head will be published weekly, price 6d.; and the first number will appear on Wednesday, the 19th April.

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